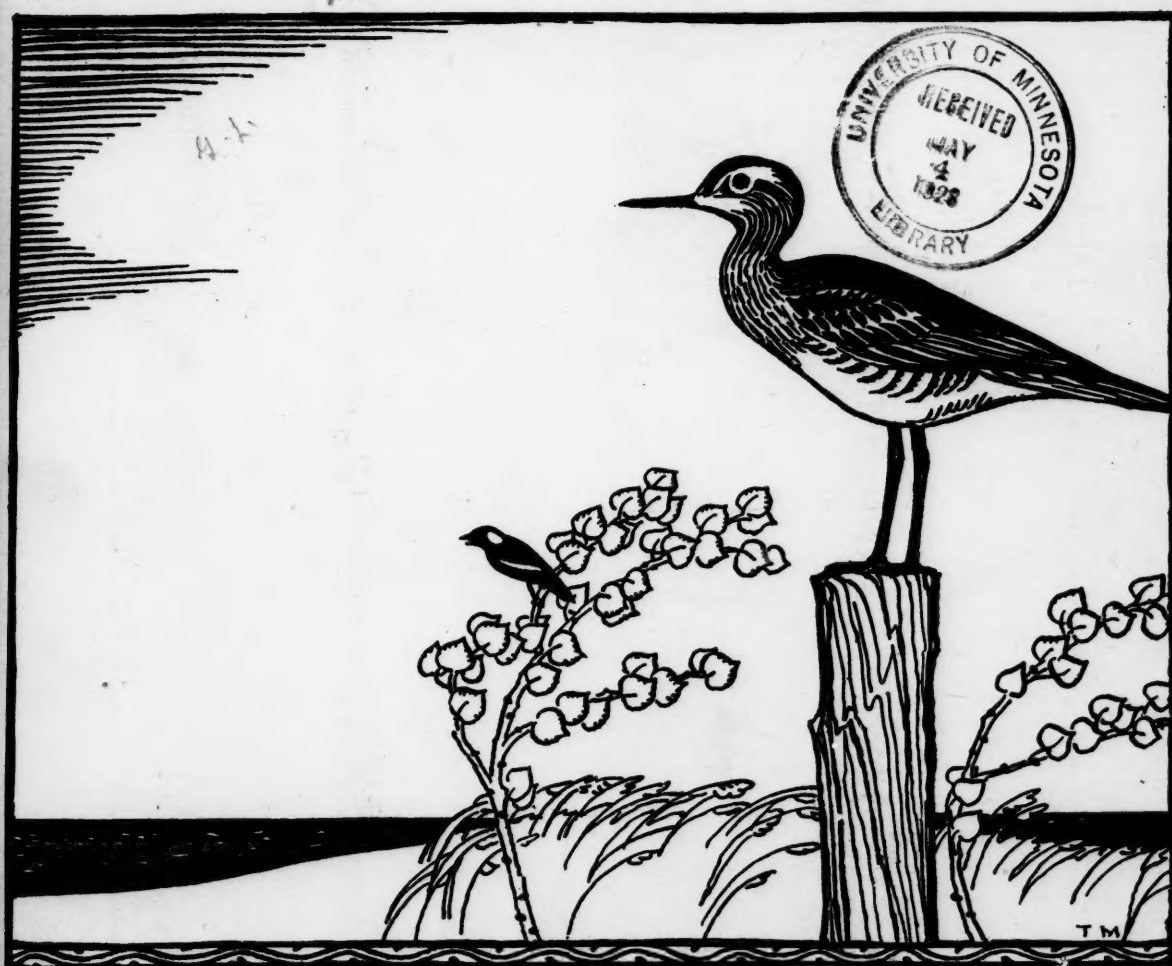


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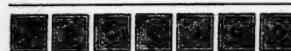


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VOL. VIII.

TORONTO, MAY, 1928.

No. 92

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE FUTURE

THE event of the month has been the publication of the correspondence between Ottawa and Washington on the projected St. Lawrence development, and now we can expect the Great Waterway Question to dominate the sphere of public affairs for months and perhaps years to come. Mr. Kellogg's notes show that the present Administration at Washington is keen on putting the scheme through without delay, and is not disposed to haggle over details in the relative apportionment of the cost. Canadians who favour the project (and who believe that co-operation with the United States in its development need neither impair our national rights nor the harmony of our international relations) have found little to criticize in the preliminary notes from Washington; but they have already shown a good deal of dissatisfaction with some of the proposals pressed on Washington by their own Federal Government. The attitude of the United States Government towards the whole question is dictated partly by sound economics and partly by the exigencies of party politics. Owing to the post-war rise in railway freight rates, forty million Americans of the Middle West are hampered in marketing their surplus products at a profit. The development of the St. Lawrence Waterway to accommodate ocean-going ships is believed to offer the best remedy for this condition. The three hundred odd million dollars which would represent the United States' share in the cost is a mere trifle to a nation of its wealth. Moreover, the successful inauguration of such a project would make the strongest appeal the Republican Party can devise to the voters of the Middle West in the next election. On the other hand, while the scheme offers

appreciable benefits to the five million Canadians in the areas affected on our side of the border—while Canada's share in the expense, apart from the new Welland Ship Canal, would be only two hundred millions, and her share of 3,000,000 h.p. would be three-quarters of all the hydro-electric power developed—it looks as if the attitude of our Government towards the project has been dictated by the exigencies of party politics and nothing else.

* * * * *

IT will be a great pity if a national project which, properly directed, might help to bind the sections of our country together should, instead, become another source of contention. Yet that will certainly happen if the Government regards the development of the St. Lawrence Waterway merely as a brilliant expedient to retain its precarious hold on the farmers of the West and the financial interests of the East and thereby to win another election by reconciling the irreconcilable. And its policy as outlined in the recent exchanges with Washington seems to have been designed expressly to that end. The agriculturists of the West are appealed to by the promise of cheaper freights for their products; the financial interests of Montreal are to be gratified by being given the enormous power rights in Quebec for private development in return for building the navigation canals in that section; and the international section bordering Ontario is to be built and paid for entirely by the United States—to whose Government it is suggested that the building of this section may profitably be delayed until the Quebec section is completed and all its power marketed. This means that the whole project would be completed without costing the West a

dollar and without any addition to the national debt which would be disagreeable to the thrifty voters of Quebec; but it also means that the ultimate consumers of the power would indirectly bear the whole cost of the development, and that Ontario would be unable to obtain any increase of cheap power under provincial ownership until her eastern counties had absorbed all the power developed by private interests in the reaches above Montreal. It is small wonder that a cry of protest has gone up from every quarter of the Tory province. Fortunately, on this point affecting the international section, Mr. Kellogg does not see eye to eye with Ottawa, but favours the simultaneous development of the whole. Also, the question of relative Federal and Provincial rights in the water power has to be considered by the Supreme Court, and may go to the Privy Council; public opinion has yet to crystallize throughout the country; and the Federal and Provincial Governments must meet in joint conference before any further advance is made in the international negotiations. A good deal of St. Lawrence water will flow under the bridges before any is diverted into public or private channels, and the people of Ontario can still hope to get their water power without having to pay exorbitant rates to private interests or more than their fair share in the cost of a national project.

* * * * *

AS to the value of the St. Lawrence development if it is handled in the right spirit, there can be no question. To see the scheme in correct perspective it must be considered in relation to the development of the country as a whole. When the United States Administration communicated with Ottawa in 1922 regarding the St. Lawrence project, conditions in this country hardly warranted our Government regarding its early development with enthusiasm. Canada was still in the trough of the post-war depression; in the West times were hard and money tight; in the East industry was at a low ebb; the emigration of our workmen to the United States was at its height; taxation was high, the general temper of the country was against expenditure, and a large section of the public was definitely pessimistic in its outlook. All that has been changed by our progress in the past six years. With the improvement in the world market and the help of the wheat pools, the farmers of the West have won back to prosperity; our other basic industries are flourishing; and our exports have increased until now our world trade is only surpassed by that of the four greatest world powers. Most important of all, the dramatic succession of discoveries of mineral wealth in the area covered by the great pre-Cambrian shield has at last brought our public as a whole to a realization that the north country offers as great opportunities to the present generation as the western prairies

offered to the past. The stream of repatriated Canadians back across the border has swollen steadily during the past year, and we can expect that in future most of our restless spirits in search of fortune will turn their eyes to the north rather than to the south. This change in our national outlook was long overdue: we had been loafing on our front verandah gazing enviously at the pageant of American prosperity, and El Dorado was just outside our back door all the time.

* * * * *

THE development and settlement of the north country is going to give a heavy impetus to industry in the southern district along the St. Lawrence valley. It is the development of northern Ontario, for example, that is chiefly responsible for the building activity in Toronto to-day; and any reader can easily think of a score of different ways in which industry in southern Ontario and Quebec will be stimulated by the progressive settlement of northern areas which have hitherto been empty. In the last ten years we have doubled our national consumption of water power, which now approaches the 5,000,000 h.p. mark. It is not extravagant to expect our consumption to double again in less than a decade, and as Ontario and Quebec consume the great bulk of that power, the 3,000,000 h.p. they will obtain from the St. Lawrence development will all be needed to keep pace with the increasing demand. To southern Ontario much of this power will be absolutely necessary, since the block of 260,000 h.p. acquired from the Gatineau practically exhausts the other sources of any large supply. Further, we must take into account the fact that a supply of cheap hydro-electric power in itself stimulates the inauguration of new industries. The new town of Arvida on the Saguenay is an outstanding case in point. It was nothing but the certainty of an adequate supply of cheap power that induced the Aluminum Company to found that model industrial city in the northern backwoods: it is already a town of seven thousand souls, and is planned for an expansion to a city many times that size, where aluminum goods for world consumption will be manufactured from raw material brought from the ends of the earth. With an abundant supply of cheap power available in the St. Lawrence valley, British and American as well as native industrialists will be induced to establish new manufacturies there for the supply of Empire and world markets.

* * * * *

IT is curious to note the contrast between the Government's anxiety to put through the St. Lawrence project in this period of prosperity and its neglect of other opportunities to promote our national expansion. The new developments in mining and industry are not confined to Ontario and Quebec; there has

been a remarkable increase of mining activity in the West and even in the Maritime Provinces, where the development of their water power is giving new life to industry as a whole. So general has been the change that even 'Besco' has been rehabilitated and, under new management, promises to be the nucleus of a healthy iron and steel industry capable of infinite expansion. All this industrial activity will react most favourably on agriculture in every province, and the promise of an early outlet from the Peace River country to the Pacific offers opportunities for new settlement in that district on a generous scale. Yet no immigration policy commensurate with these opportunities has been inaugurated, and, in spite of repeated protestations of concern by Government spokesmen, there is no prospect of any such policy being evolved. Again, at a time when a rising national revenue has permitted a handsome reduction in taxation, the Government, instead of reducing the indirect taxation which bears heaviest on the producers who make up ninety per cent. of the population, has in its last two budgets reduced the direct taxation which affects only the ten per cent. who are most prosperous. The opportunity to give some appreciable relief to the mass of the people, and, to that extent, make Canada so much the more desirable to immigrants, has been deliberately ignored. A Government policy designed only to bring 'tramps' up the St. Lawrence is not good enough: the country wants a policy that will bring in settlers too.

RICHARD DE BRISAY.

NOTES AND COMMENT

ART AND EMPIRE MARKETING

THE intended display of the Empire Marketing Board at this year's Canadian National Exhibition has interesting possibilities as an art show in addition to its direct value as an advertisement of Empire produce. The exhibit is to occupy the entire central portion of the Government Building. There will be an architectural setting, designed in London, with mural paintings by Maurice Grieffenhagen, and modern decorative sculpture and historic exhibits; and doubtless the striking series of posters made for the Empire Marketing Board by British artists will be a great feature in the decoration. We know that they are doing these things very well in England, and we shall be glad to see this example of recent British decorative art set up among us. We have little detailed knowledge of the functions of the Empire Marketing Board, but we have no doubt that it believes in encouraging inspiration as well as exchange. Apples and art come close together on the tariff lists. We are trying to grow both and we have great hopes for them, even though our art orchards are not generally

in bearing. Our portrait-trees for instance, are not yet producing the golden apples of the British R.A. variety. Perhaps our growers are not so lucky in their advertising as the British. However, we are glad to realize that the art of the E.M.B. exhibit may suggest to our government and our people the kind of fruit we might be growing on our own trees—decorating our buildings, advertising our country and its products, and generally attempting to express ourselves as the Canada of our status.

NEW COINS FOR OLD

AMONG the minor irritations of life must be listed the small silver coin which has reached such a state of decrepitude that it is no longer accepted without question as legal tender. Who has not suffered some annoyance and embarrassment when a certain piece of silver has been critically examined and then contemptuously refused by a stern street-car conductor, a store-keeper, or some other righteous creditor. So long as the dubious coin remains in our possession we are conscious of a faint shadow of guilt, which is only lifted when we are able, by guile and stealth, to pass it on to a new victim. Paper money is recalled and destroyed when it becomes unfit for use, and new crisp bills are issued in its stead, but for the silver coin there is no such merciful release, it must pass on and on, from hand to hand, until worn and thin and defaced it becomes a definite public nuisance. Finally, when it can be disposed of in no other way, it goes to the church collection-plate, and after that—who knows? We are convinced that if the Government—through the banks—should call in all defaced, worn, and mutilated silver coins, such a move would meet with almost unanimous approval from the general public. There would be some loss, of course, although most of the silver could be salvaged and used again for new coins, but after the original 'clean-up', the annual loss would be so light that it would pass as an unnoticed item in a modern budget. Not only would this do away with one of the petty irritations of trade and commerce, but by removing one of the little inducements towards 'getting the better of the other fellow' it would slightly raise the standard of morality—or custom, which is the same thing—among all the people of this Dominion.

A few centuries ago, when the precious metals were scarcer and more valuable than they are today, certain shady characters made a practice of clipping silver coins, and possibly it was owing to the prevalence of this custom that the mint was unwilling to redeem old coinage and replace it with new. In Canada today, we have ample supplies of both silver and gold for coinage purposes, and there is no reason why our metal currency should not be kept in perfect repair.



P. BARNACLE A.B.

A BALLAD OF THE ROYAL OAK.

Let others sing of Nelson of Drake and Jellicoe,
An 'umble little 'ero is the one I want to blow;
I sing of Percy Barnacle who sailed the Malta sea,
The bloodiest of B-blanks in the King's navee.

Though barnacles are mainly at the bottom of the ship,
This little bleedin' barnacle gave all his mates the slip,
And in a natty uniform 'e stood and waved 'is 'and
Upon the festive quarter deck, conductin' of the band.

Now Percy B. was up to date, and all the stuff 'e played
Would put a Whiteman orchestra in dark mulatto
shade,
(Which aint perhaps the proper thing upon The Royal
Oak,
Though jazz may suit Americans and other savage
folk.)

The Admiral was waltzin' with the lady of 'is choice,
He swung 'er to the sofa and raised 'is noble voice—
'Wot is this bloody noise,' said he, 'will someone kindly
tell?'
And 'e lathered Percy Barnacle with compliments from
'ell.

The captain was a Daniel and daring for 'is crew
He pleaded for poor Percy B., although of course 'e
knew
'Twas natural for Admirals and other men-o'-war
To speak of bloody bleedin' things, and splosh around
in gore.

The Admiral was stampin' and a-shakin' of 'is fist
So very energetic that 'e gave the ship a list—
'YOU keep these bleedin' barnacles from off the party
deck,
Or I'll hang you on the bowsprit by your sanguinary
neck!

Now Percy was an 'umble soul, as I 'ave said before,
He kept 'is conversation calm although 'is spirit swore—
He 'ated for to 'ear 'is Captain get a callin' down,
He 'ated for the band to see 'im bein' done so brown.

The boy stood on the frizzlin' deck attentive like a man,
He only said, 'I'm sorry, Sir, I done the best I can,'
But the Admiral retorted in words I grieve to see,
'You're the bloodiest of B-blanks in the King's navee.'

And then 'e ordered out 'is boat to take 'im to the land,
And strode between the officers and Percy (and the
band.)

And they all saluted kindly, but the Admiral was bored
And their gentle salutations most ferociously ignored.

Let others back their favourites among Britannia's
braves

P. Barnacle's my 'ero in this ruling of the waves,
So that is why I'm whispering of little Percy B.,
The First Official B-BLANK of the King's Navee.

J. MACD.

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CANADIAN TREATIES

By JOHN S. EWART

CANADA is indebted to South Africa for the appearance in the Proceedings of the Imperial Conference of 1926 of the clauses relating to the political status of the Dominions. Canada is indebted to the Irish Free State for the clauses in the Proceedings relating to the Governor-Generalship. And it is to Canada that the other Dominions are indebted for the clauses in the Proceedings of both that and the previous (1923) Conference relating to treaties—clauses of the very greatest importance.

Prior to the Conference of 1923, Canada, notwithstanding the objection of the British Colonial and Foreign Offices, had gradually acquired extensive rights with reference to treaties. She had, on various occasions, instituted and carried on the negotiations; and in one celebrated instance, she had insisted that her signature should be unaccompanied by the signature of any representative of the British Government. The treaty in that case is the one known as the Halibut Treaty, which was signed at Washington by Mr. La-pointe on 2 March, 1923. The treaty, however, had the defect that it did not on its face purport to have been made by Canada. The parties to it were the United States and 'His Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Emperor of India.' The treaty was one, therefore, of imperial character. It bound every part of the Empire, instead of Canada alone.

The Halibut Treaty gave rise to a great deal of discussion at the Imperial Conference of that year (1923) with the result that various important resolutions were adopted, the chief of which were as follows:—

1. *Negotiation.*

(a) It is desirable that no treaty should be negotiated by any of the governments of the Empire without due consideration of its possible effect on the other parts of the Empire, or, if the circumstances so demand, on the Empire as a whole.

(b) Before negotiations are opened with the intention of concluding a treaty, steps should be taken to ensure that any of the other governments of the Empire likely to be interested are informed, so that, if any such government considers that its interests would be affected, it may have an opportunity of expressing its views, or, when its interests are intimately involved, of participating in the negotiations.

(d) Steps should be taken to ensure that those governments of the Empire whose representatives are not participating in the negotiations should, during their progress, be kept informed in regard to any points arising in which they may be interested.

2. *Signature.*

(a) Bilateral treaties imposing obligations on one part of the Empire only, should be signed by a representative of the government of that part. The Full Power issued to such representative should indicate that part of the Empire in respect of which the obligations are to be undertaken, and the preamble and text of the treaty should be so worded as to make its scope clear.

3. *Ratification.*

(a) The ratification of treaties imposing obligations

on one part of the Empire is effected at the instance of the government of that part.

(b) The ratification of treaties imposing obligations on more than one part of the Empire is effected after consultation between the governments of those parts of the Empire concerned. It is for each government to decide whether Parliamentary approval or legislation is required before desire for, or concurrence in, ratification is intimated by that government.

Careful reading of these provisions will make clear that the precedent established by Canada in connection with the Halibut Treaty was approved by the Imperial Conference of 1923, and so passed into general practice. But there was one defect. The Conference indicated that documents containing 'full powers' should be issued to the persons entrusted with the negotiation of treaties, but said nothing as to the method by which the documents were to be brought into existence.

It remained for the Conference of 1926 to complete the release of the Dominions from British control with reference to treaties: First, in the Versailles peace treaty, it was 'The British Empire' that was named as a party. In future, following the recommendations of the later Conference, the British Empire will not appear as a party to treaties. The King will be named as the contracting party, and, as the Conference resolved:—

In the case of a treaty applying to only one part of the Empire it should be stated to be made by the King on behalf of that part.

In practice, the words used in treaties since the Conference are not 'on behalf of', but 'in respect of', the part of the Empire making the treaty. In a treaty made by Canada, therefore, the King is now named as the contracting party, but, immediately after his titles, appears the words 'in respect of the Dominion of Canada.' Similarly, when a treaty is made by the British Government, the party to it is 'The King . . . in respect of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and all parts of the Empire which are not separate Members of the League of Nations.'

Secondly in order that the Dominions might have complete control over their negotiations, a resolution of the Conference provided that:—

The Plenipotentiaries for the various British units shall have full powers, issued in each case by the King on the advice of the Government concerned, indicating and corresponding to the parts of the Empire for which they are to sign.

With the issue of full powers to Canadian negotiators, the British government now has nothing to do. About the time of the signing of the Halibut Treaty, Professor A. Berriedale Keith had declared in a letter to *The Times* of 19 March, 1923, that:—

It cannot too clearly be understood that full powers can be issued by the King only on the advice and responsi-

bility of the Imperial Government . . . that they [the Dominions] should have independence in treaty matters is wholly incompatible, in my opinion, with the maintenance of the Empire. And I believe this view is held widely in Canada no less than in Australasia.

That is quite true, but, nevertheless, the Dominions now 'have independence in treaty matters.' The view of the Conference appears to have been that the imperial relationship was incompatible with the authoritative dictates of the Time Spirit—the *Zeitgeist* to whose biddings Carlyle so frequently referred.

Now quite consistent with the foregoing provisions are the following other resolutions of the Conference:—

When a Government has received information of the intention of any other Government to conduct negotiations, it is incumbent upon it to indicate its attitude with reasonable promptitude. So long as the initiating Government receives no adverse comments and so long as its policy involves no active obligations on the part of the other Governments, it may proceed on the assumption that its policy is generally acceptable. It must, however, before taking any steps which might involve the other Governments in any active obligations, obtain their definite assent.

Underlying this resolution appears to be the idea that one government in entering into treaty 'might involve the other governments.' But it would be quite impossible that, in a treaty made by the King in respect of one or more governments, there should be stipulations involving other governments. The Conference evidently had not quite released itself from the idea of the British government entering into some treaty binding the Dominions. That was, of course, possible, as long as treaties were expressly made by 'the British Empire'. But, under the new arrangements by which each government makes treaties for itself, there can, in a treaty by one government, be no imposition of obligations upon any other government.

The effect of the provisions of the Conferences of 1923 and 1926 may be regarded as supplementary to the arrangements (effected by Sir Robert Borden) for

the appointment by the Dominions of their own diplomatic representatives in foreign countries. For it will be observed that relations with foreign countries usually consist (1) of diplomatic interchanges by resident ambassadors, and (2) of the making of agreements. Canada now operates in both these ways. She has her Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington. She will soon have ministers at other places. And she has power to make arrangements with foreign countries. These agreements are made in the name of the King—but in the name of the King of Canada, and not in the name of the King of any other part of the world.

All this involves the grasping of the somewhat difficult conception of a multiple King. We have ten multiples in Canada alone: We have the King 'in respect of' the Dominion, and the King 'in respect of' each of the nine provinces. The King, in one of these various capacities, may be at quarrel with the King in any other of the capacities, and it is not unusual for him to be on both sides of a law suit. Similarly, in his wider relations, while the King as a person is, of course, indivisible, as a sovereign he acts in various capacities—as King of the United Kingdom, for example, and equally as King of Canada. When George III was both King of Great Britain and Ireland and King of Hanover, he was for a time at war with Russia in the latter capacity, while, in the former he was at peace. In early days there were many instances of multiple kingships, and the idea of one sovereign being divisible was familiar to everybody. Now, the only instance of two countries, politically independent of each other but with the same King, is that of Denmark and Iceland. To that instance we are adding the cases of the United Kingdom, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, and the Irish Free State. Instead of being parts of a British Empire, their only association will be their possession of a common King. That sort of relationship is known in constitutional law as a Personal Union.

PEACE OR RUIN?

By RICHARD DE BRISAY

A HUNDRED years ago, and ten years after the end of the Napoleonic wars, when the liberties of Spain were threatened and Europe seemed to be on the verge of another great war, Sidney Smith voiced the general feeling of Englishmen in these good words:—

For God's sake, do not drag me into another war! I am worn down, and worn out, with crusading and defending Europe, and protecting mankind; I *must* think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards—I am sorry for the Greeks—I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Bagdad is oppressed—I do not like the present state of the Delta—Thibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be the champion of the Decalogue, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all

men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid the consequence will be that we shall cut each other's throats.

If we substitute a few proper names like Vilna and the South Tyrol for those in the above paragraph, it will represent very fairly the sentiment of most Englishmen to-day, and of most Europeans as well. That sentiment is even deeper now than it was in the eighteen-twenties, for science has made war a hundred times more frightful. The peoples of Europe were only brought to endure the horrors of the last war by constant appeals to their strongest fears and their highest ideals. It was patriotism at its highest and the conviction that they were fighting to save all that was

nearest and dearest to them that made the combatants stand fast in a disintegrating world through the four longest years in history. But since the close of the great war, the development of the aeroplane and of poison gas has introduced an incalculable force that would make another European war a tragic and macabre farce. The fighting troops of a nation might conquer their enemy in the field and prevent him from setting foot on one yard of their sacred soil, yet those who escaped being disembowelled by bombs, strangled by gas, or fried in oil in their tanks, might return victorious to find that their nearest and dearest were putrescent corpses in cities of the dead.

Under these circumstances, it is natural that all those Europeans who believe that war in our present world is inevitable should now begin to prophesy that the next great war is bound to be between Britain and the United States. It is not that Britain and the United States have any vital causes for difference; it is only that America is now regarded as the great imperialistic power, and the British Empire is most in her way. But the underlying reason for this trend of thought is self-protective. It will be a generation, probably, before the aeroplane will have developed to a point where war between nations separated by oceans can be waged with the intensity and ferocity that would characterize another European war. A war between Britain and the United States in the intervening period would of necessity be a naval war, a war in which each combatant would capture what it could of its enemy's possessions in that part of the world which lay within the scope of its sea power, a war in which enormous navies might blow each other to the skies and sink each other to the bottom of the sea; but a war in which the civil population would be secured by the facts of geography from annihilation. America might be able to outbuild Britain in battleships; but when the efficiency of the mine and the submarine is considered, it is exceedingly improbable that either nation could invade or starve the other. And, on the face of things, it would seem that Europe might work off any war fever vicariously, that she would enjoy the favourable neutral position held by the United States in the early stages of the last war, and might thus restore to some degree the political and economic balance of power.

In the event of such a war, however, there is one country which might find itself in the position of Belgium or Serbia in the late war, and that country, of course, is Canada. I have not yet read Commander Kenworthy's book on this subject, but I understand that he has considered Canada's position in the event of such a conflict, that he believes Canada might proclaim her independence and neutrality and that this would be agreeable to both the combatants. It is easy to think of many reasons that might be advanced in favour of this idea; but when one considers how small a part reason itself plays in the actions of nations at

war, when one considers the magnitude of the forces that would be let loose and the general disposition of the great powers, the chances of Canada emerging unscathed from such a war, or even preserving her national integrity, seem very slim.

We have not yet digested all the implications of the fact that the United States is now the most compactly powerful single nation in the world. The United States to-day fills the position in world politics which Spain filled in the sixteenth century, France and then England in the eighteenth, England and then Germany in the last century. And in every case all the other nations have combined against the one that threatened to dominate. England has been extraordinarily fortunate, for twice she has found herself in the position of the most hated nation, and each time she has escaped destruction. In the eighteenth century she escaped with the loss of her thirteen colonies, and at the end of the nineteenth century, when she had built up a greater empire than she had ever possessed or dreamed of, the sudden aggressive rush of Germany so split the powers that when the struggle came England had the stronger allies on her side, and won. She emerged from the great war with her empire and the associated Dominions intact, but having suffered so terrible a drain on her vitality that she is no longer feared or hated to the same degree as formerly by the nations who suffered with her in the same great catastrophe. That fear, and the dislike that goes with it, is now centred on the United States—the nation which the war left supreme in wealth and reserved strength.

This trend of international feeling would have a definite bearing on a war between Britain and America. Whatever the incidents might be that would precipitate such a war, it is almost certain that America would appear as the aggressor in the eyes of the Old World. Britain's whole aim now is, and must be, to hold and develop what she has got. No British Government, red or blue, will follow an aggressive foreign policy in our time, and certainly no British Government will ever give the United States cause for war. Peace with America is the key-stone of British foreign policy, and commonsense demands that it shall so remain. And then, too, there is the common bond between Britain and Europe of fellowship in the League, as well as the even stronger tie of their age-old fellowship in the undefined association which we may call the diplomatic trade-union, to which the United States has always been, and still remains, an outsider. Once war begins between two great nations, pretexts are never wanting for others to take a hand in the game if the wish is there, and quite practical considerations might prompt nations safeguarded by thousands of miles of sea to break with a country to which they owe more than they can pay, or to assist in thwarting a nation they fear. Another world war might result, into which Canada would inevitably be drawn.

But even if the war remained a straight issue to be fought out by the original combatants, their relative strength and geographical and naval conditions would make it improbable that America could make conquests outside her own hemisphere. Yet her people would be hungry for territorial gains. She might take the British West Indies; but would they satisfy a war-maddened people who consider themselves the greatest on earth? Probably not. On the other hand, there would be Canada to the north of them; a Canada, let us suppose, proclaimed independent and neutral overnight, but a country essentially British in its people, in its customs, in its sympathies, with only a sufficient infusion of foreign and American-minded citizens to make pro-American sentiment heard; a country possessing the greatest heritage of any nation in the world, and with a population little greater than that of the city of New York; a country whose nerve-centres are all within a hundred miles of the American border and whose annexation has been seriously considered within the memory of living Americans; a country whose possession would make the United States a continent, and give her dominion over a hemisphere. Is it probable that Canada's neutrality would be respected when we consider how lukewarm that neutrality would be, how many causes for offence her people, if not her Government, would furnish, and how inflamed American feeling would be after one week of war with the British Empire?

This idea of war between the United States and Britain cannot be dismissed as 'unthinkable' any more than the idea of war between the United States and any other power can be so dismissed. What we in Canada must realize is that in international affairs the initiative has passed from Europe to the United States. It is not that Europe is played out, or 'effete', or decadent; but after experiencing a convulsion so exhausting as the Great War, it is natural that she should pass through a long recuperative period in which the temper of her people may be irascible but during which no great explosion of pent up energy is to be expected. M. de Jouvenel, Premier Mussolini, and many other statesmen look forward to the year 1935 with the most gloomy apprehension; but it is probable that when France is actually faced with the prospect of a Germany free to arm herself, some pacific settlement of the differences caused by the Treaty of Versailles will be achieved. The great war, which destroyed the old barriers in Europe and then set up innumerable new ones just at a time when their absurdity was most patent, may appear to future historians as the necessary preliminary to the unification of Europe. Certainly no general European conflagration will occur in our time.

But the United States, on the other hand, is bursting with life. Her last great convulsion was her civil war, from which she long ago recovered. The history of the new America which has grown up since Lin-

coln's day has been one of an unparalleled prosperity and development, which has accustomed her people to the belief that there is no end to their career and no limit to their expansion. And they have reached the stage where their own territory no longer suffices to absorb their energies. They have populated half a continent, conquered its deserts, bridged its rivers, tunnelled its mountains, cut down its forests, and parcelled out its land and resources on a magnificent scale. They have harnessed their natural power, piled up cities to the skies, and built a colossal and unprecedented industrial machine that pours out goods of every description infinitely faster than they themselves can consume them. The United States is now at the stage of development reached by Spain in the sixteenth century and by England in the eighteenth. Spain in the pride of her strength conquered a new world and made herself Europe's overlord: England conquered India and North America, founded innumerable colonies in the four quarters of the globe, drove her way through Africa from the Cape to Cairo, and made herself mistress of the seven seas. Is the United States, then, to be expected to check herself just when she has reached the heyday of her prime? The energy of her people must out, either by 'peaceful penetration' or through conquest by arms.

Wars and the movements of peoples over the face of the earth, we are told, are caused by economic conditions and the circumstances of geography. Undoubtedly, to a great degree, they are. But underlying these causes, and operating with them, there seems to be as it were an ebb and flow of vitality in the peoples of the earth. For ages the storm-centre of the world was in Asia; its peoples were in constant ferment, great empires rose and fell and rose again, nations swept from North to South and from East to West, drove beyond the confines of their own continent and devastated Africa and Europe. Then for the past few centuries Europe has been the storm-zone; war has succeeded war and foreign conquest has been piled on conquest until the other peoples of the world have come to regard the Europeans with something approaching horror. Yet the truth would seem to be not that the warring people are any worse than the rest of humanity nor than they themselves are in their quiescent periods, but that their surging vitality demands action and expansion, and the peoples of the world have never yet organized themselves so that the necessary outlet for these surges of energy can be found in peaceful ways. America's vitality is now rising to the full. When we say that the initiative in international affairs has passed from Europe to the United States we are led on to acknowledge the fact that the storm-centre of the world has shifted to America.

Now, since this is the case, is it not time that we Canadians gave up debating whether or no we shall retain connections that might drag us into hypothetical

Jack McLaren.



CANADIAN CELEBRITIES—V.

HON. G. HOWARD FERGUSON

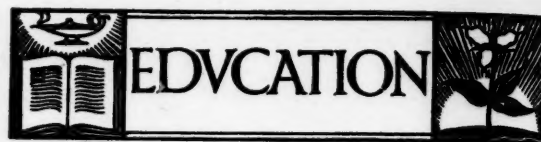
Premier of Ontario

By JACK McLAREN

imperialistic wars of Britain and involve us in European conflicts? Europe is no longer the danger spot. We are not separated from the storm-centre of the world by an ocean three thousand miles broad; we are separated from it by an undefended and indefensible frontier three thousand miles long. Those who see a greater measure of future safety for Canada in an early declaration of complete independence are singularly short-sighted and can have no comprehension of the forces at work in our modern world. It is fatuous to point to the Scandinavian countries, to Switzerland and to Holland, as examples of small nations whose independence has been respected. The cases are not parallel. Canada is neither a poor country nor one already supporting every soul its soil can sustain. It has room for a hundred million more people, and holds more wealth than was ever possessed by the Indies, East or West. In a world relapsed into the old ways of war and conquest, Canada's life as a nation would be short and tragic. If her people were militant, their fate would be as certain as that of the Spartans at Thermopylae: the fate of a pacifist Canada would be that of a bejewelled virgin in a den of brigands.

The only safety for Canada lies in world peace: the best means by which she can assist in maintaining world peace lie in her connections with the British Commonwealth and the League of Nations. The interests of the nations are now so intermingled that any great war might be a world catastrophe: in the long run a war between Britain and the United States would be disastrous to the United States as well as to Canada. But reasoned action can only help us in peace time: once war has begun, reason ceases to govern the nations and feeling alone is responsible for their actions. If, through the League, the nations of the world can be solidly organized for peace; if economic rivalries can be mitigated; if irrepressible national forces can be directed into peaceful channels, and if an international police force is brought into being (or, as Lord Cecil puts it, 'an international *posse comitatus*' is instituted to keep the peace), perhaps another great war can be averted. If the United States can be brought into the League of Nations an enormous stride forward will have been made. These are the ends towards which Canada should contribute her best in the field of world politics into which she has so recently been welcomed.

And, after all, while there is peace there's hope. With the penalties of war and the futility of victory so generally and clearly realized, the nations may have sufficient sanity to prevent their fears or their rivalries from driving them on to ruin. For, as Croesus, whose fears wrecked his empire, said to the Persian conqueror at the broken gates of Sardis, 'Who is so foolish as to prefer war to peace, in which, instead of sons burying their fathers, fathers bury their sons?'



A COMMONWEALTH EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE

CONTRARY to general opinion, the basic problem of the British Commonwealth of Nations is neither political nor economic, but educational. So long as the youth of the Commonwealth is educated in British traditions and ideals, so long will the Commonwealth survive as an integral unit; in so far as this training is neglected, so will the different nations composing it tend to drift apart. This axiomatic principle seems to have been neglected in recent times, with the consequent acceleration of the pace towards dissolution.

At the present time the British Commonwealth has no central training institution for its educational leaders. This place is largely filled by the International Institute of Teachers College, Columbia University, in New York City. Established by the Rockefeller Foundation, this Institute provides the training ground for educational leaders from every quarter of the globe. Especially has it attracted a large number of brilliant young men and women from the British Overseas Dominions. The reason is not far to seek. Teachers College is singly the greatest educational training institution in the whole world, and well equipped to take the place so long held by the universities of Germany. Since 1910 the United States has been the undoubted leader in educational research and her views are rapidly affecting the rest of the world. Furthermore, the language of the classrooms in Teachers College is English, and this presents an added attraction to the British overseas student, who usually is a poor linguist. Splendid accommodation for both men and women is provided at reasonable rates in the International Hostel on Riverside Drive. Consequently, scores of brilliant Commonwealth students of education have made their way to New York, and, after a stay of two or three years, have returned to their homes carrying with them an American outlook on education. The Americanization of the British Empire, so far as education is concerned, is proceeding rapidly apace; one has only to consult recent educational writings of India, South Africa, Canada, and Australia to see that this is the case. Let us not be misunderstood! The United States has more to offer in the way of advanced educational research than any other country; she deserves her leadership and has won it fairly by lavish expenditures upon research and by her firm belief in the efficacy of education as a cure for social ills. But her ideals and outlook are not those of the British Com-

monwealth, and we are of opinion that the latter are still worthy of preservation.

In order that British traditions and ideals may be preserved for the Commonwealth the establishment in London of a Commonwealth Educational Institute is urgently needed. The type of institution we have in mind is a graduate school of education forming an integral part of the University of London. A hostel, capable of housing some 200 men and women, would be an essential feature of the scheme. Students from every quarter of the Commonwealth would be attracted to such an institution. For one year of post-graduate work satisfactorily completed the degree of M.A. would be conferred; for two years' work, the degree of Ph.D. Such a band of earnest students would be drawn together by the common course of study, but still more would they educate themselves imperially by their casual discussions and conversations over meals and in the general life of the hostel. Coming from all parts of the Commonwealth their views would affect their teachers, and even the political leaders, so that the benefits would not all be on one side.

The studies at such an institute would comprise the usual run of subjects basic to educational progress, such as educational administration, educational psychology, and the philosophy of education. Since, however, these students would be destined to become directors and leaders of education in outlying parts of the Commonwealth, emphasis would be placed on the more unusual subjects of Comparative Education, Anthropology, and Ethnology, modern Colonial History and Geography, and on Political Science.

The staff in the early years of its existence would have to be drawn from abroad, preference being given to British-trained men and women who had proved their worth in overseas university and administrative positions. To be precise, we would recommend that men such as West in Bengal, Mackie in Australia, Shelley in New Zealand, Loram in South Africa, etc., form the nucleus of the faculty. Add to these the present staff of the University of London—Nunn, Spearman, Burt, Pearson, etc.—and a faculty equal in ability to any on earth of the same size would result. The position of director would be a difficult one to fill. A man of Sadler's type would be ideal, but Sadlers are not produced in every generation.

Such a vision makes one over-enthusiastic. Imagine the situation! Some hundred or two of the best brains of the Commonwealth drawn from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Kenya, Tanganyika, Egypt, Iraq, East and West Indies, and other parts of the Commonwealth, living a corporate life in a London hostel and studying under the direction of a group of the best teachers who could be gathered together. The library facilities of the British Museum, the Board of Education, and other important London libraries would be open to them. Their dis-

sertations, published as a series of monographs, would ultimately outrival Sadler's 'Special Reports' or Kandel's more recent studies in the International Institute of New York. They would tackle such difficult problems as bi-lingualism in India and elsewhere, the education of native races in Africa, the establishment of a state system of education in Newfoundland, and their solutions would be the best that could be found at this time. Best of all, these young leaders in education would return to their homes with a broader outlook on educational affairs; they would feel that they were playing an essential part in a great common educational endeavour. The friendships they made in the London hostel would continue; letters and publications would be exchanged, and in a generation or two the Commonwealth would be more firmly knit together than ever before in its history. For great is the power of education!

The cost! Ten million dollars would be sufficient to establish it on a very firm foundation. The hostel, the centre of the scheme, could be built for less than a million. The rest of the capital would be funded for running expenses. Undoubtedly, such an institution would receive recognition and financial backing from the British Government. The various overseas governments would also help by the creation of a number of fellowships for its most promising leaders in education. Nor would the institution be forgotten by public-spirited citizens in their wills.

Ten million dollars seems a huge sum, but it is less than the cost of a dreadnought. Such an institution would contribute far more to the real safety—the internal safety—of the Commonwealth than a whole fleet of dreadnoughts. We have two or three people in Canada who could establish and endow such an institute without impoverishing themselves. We believe that somebody will do it some day. And the great-hearted citizen who does it will leave a monument behind him which for far-sighted vision will make that of Cecil Rhodes and his scholarships appear to be a mere mirage.

PETER SANDIFORD.



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THE MUSICAL SEASON IN TORONTO

By ERNEST MacMILLAN

THE first half of the present musical season, from September to the New Year, was fairly full, and, on the whole, concert-givers had reason to feel encouraged by attendances. While some noteworthy events have been cold-shouldered by an over-conservative public, the general average of audiences has been perceptibly higher this year than last. That Madame Galli-Curci would draw a full house was a foregone conclusion, but it was encouraging to see the Detroit Orchestra equally well patronized—especially in view of the number of vacant seats that has greeted some of its previous appearances. Possibly the attendance spurred conductor and players to exceptional efforts; at any rate, rarely has a visiting orchestra given us a more satisfying evening. To sit down at the piano, as did Mr. Gabrilowitsch, after a strenuous hour's conducting, and give a masterly performance of the second Rachmaninoff concerto, was a most unusual achievement. Mr. Gabrilowitsch is a fine and musicianly conductor, but he is a great pianist, and one felt that, so far as performance was concerned, he kept the good wine to the last. In the first half of the programme Strauss' *Don Juan* (regarded as somewhat *vieux jeu* in these days of swiftly changing fashions), stood out by reason of its exuberant spirits and brilliant scoring: it sparkled like champagne, and after it the audience was almost too excited to settle down to a delightful draught of *Münchener Hofbrau* in the shape of Brahms' *Academic Festival Overture*.

This concert marked the conclusion of a notable week, not the least interesting feature of which was the production of Deems Taylor's much-discussed opera, *The King's Henchman*. As a production it left little to be desired, from the point of view of Torontonians, being undoubtedly the finest operatic venture presented here for many a long year. If one or two of the singers displayed an excessive 'wobble', if nearly all of them required lessons in English diction, and if the very efficient orchestra showed at times a regrettable tendency to drown them out (owing partly to over-scoring), such faults could readily be forgiven by the inhabitants of an operatic Sahara. The work itself is full of interest, though one is reminded at times that the composer, as critic of *The New York World*, must have heard many, many, operas, and does not always find it easy to forget them. The libretto of Edna St. Vincent Millay purports to be Early, or Middle, or some other kind of English—just what period it would be hard to say—but there is little to suggest an English origin in the music, which, apart from the opening of the third act and scattered passages in the first, owes its inspiration almost entirely to Wagner. The situations are, indeed, dangerously like some in *Tristan*, which helps to complete the

illusion that we are travelling Bayreuth-wards. The score is thoroughly musicianly and well conceived, yet somehow the music remains emotionally unconvincing. And while one hesitates to criticize a libretto which, with all its absurdities (far fewer than in ninety per cent. of operas), contains passages of real poetic beauty, one finds it hard to forgive such lines as, 'Go now, and go lively, for my marrow oozeth', and:—

'Tis a known thing: I never ope my mouth
But to put my foot in it.

One wonders whether such 'chestnuts' grew upon the trees of Anglo-Saxon England, and whether bobbed hair was a usual subject of domestic discussion, as the opening of the third act suggests.

This notable week brought also a return visit of the English Singers. The Women's Musical Club is to be thanked for bringing them, and thus giving Toronto an opportunity of effacing the bad impression made by the poor audiences of last season. The English Singers are not a subject for criticism—both their programmes and their execution are above reproach. At times, perhaps, their tone lacked some of its customary freshness—easily accounted for by the constant travel and excessive number of engagements which are the penalty of an overwhelming success—but in balance, ensemble, restraint, humour, emotional appeal, clearness of technique, and, above all, in perfection of diction they leave little or nothing to be desired. One of the best and most popular of American contraltos told me that she regarded a concert by the English Singers as better than any lesson she had ever received: would that many a lesser singer would be content to sit, in the same humble fashion, at their feet! Incidentally, what an immense amount they teach us about the musical greatness of England!

The Twilight Concerts, given by what is now known as the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Luigi von Kunits, have also attracted, on the whole, better audiences than formerly. The reduction of its membership to fifty was both a necessary and a wise move, for, apart from the impossibility of financing an orchestra of eighty players without a permanent endowment, the former personnel included some whose musical proficiency left something to be desired. The absence of certain instruments places further restrictions upon a repertoire already circumscribed by lack of funds for the purchase of new music, yet on the whole Dr. von Kunits has at his disposal this year a much more wieldy, if a lighter weapon. It is good to see at the concert-master's desk a musician of the calibre of Mr. Donald Heins. The programmes have been of a comparatively light nature; from the point of view of the public this is also wise, for it is

difficult to compose one's mind to listen to a complete symphony immediately before dinner. Dr. von Kunits has put all Toronto in his debt by his indefatigable labours, and he continues to demonstrate his complete control over his forces, as well as his thorough musicianship. One wonders, incidentally, how so busy a man finds it possible to memorize so many scores each season. It is to be hoped, also, that his policy of presenting new compositions by Canadians will result in the production of something of exceptional merit.

The Hart House Quartet announced, at the beginning of the season, a series of five concerts, of which two were to be given by visiting quartets. We owe to them not only delightful performances of well-known works, but also some interesting new ones—notably Dohnanyi's latest quartet, with its clever reminiscences of Broadway, and modern American works by David Mannes (played by the Flonzaley Quartet) and Howard Hanson (played by the Persinger Quartet of San Francisco). In a series of interesting sonata recitals, Mr. and Mme. de Kresz have presented several works new to Toronto audiences—notably sonatas by Busoni and Jarnach, and—most challenging of all—the new sonata for violin and piano by Ravel. This last presents a new Ravel to us—one that recalls the acrid dissonances of *Le Six* and (in the second movement) indulges in a refined and languid type of jazz, Europeanized to the point of degeneracy. When this sort of thing creeps under the skin of so fastidious a composer, one feels one must resign oneself to the Americanization of the world.

Coming, as it did, two days after Christmas, the appearance of the Harvard Glee Club in Convocation Hall did not attract so large an audience as it merited, but those who attended were delighted with the excellence of their work, and astonished that a body of college students could achieve such results. Clearly the secret is to be found in the remarkable personality of Dr. Archibald Davison, who adds to his cultivated musicianship the faculty of getting things done without unnecessarily getting himself disliked. The Harvard

singers gave us more than a concert—they gave us a demonstration. They made it clear that, taken seriously, good music is preferable to bad—not because it is one's duty to prefer it, but because there is far more actual enjoyment to be derived from it. There is no reason why Toronto University should not produce a chorus (preferably a mixed chorus) which will demonstrate the same thing—providing another Davison is found.

It is difficult to know what to select for notice from the many individual and ensemble recitals of the season. Of such experiments as that of 'Five Pianos' it is not for me to speak: it served at least to demonstrate that Toronto can provide an exceptional array of pianistic ability. I must not, however, overlook some interesting performances of original compositions by Torontonians. The Women's Musical Club did wisely in arranging a recital of works by Dr. Healey Willan: two violin sonatas, one in eighteenth-century and one in twentieth-century style, were admirably played by Mr. Harry Adaskin with the composer at the piano, and Mme. Jeanne Dusseau sang two groups of songs with excellent finish and taste. Nor must I neglect to mention the pleasure with which I heard Mr. Donald Heins play his concertino; I understand that a performance with orchestra is likely to take place in the near future. If it is not out of order to mention a private performance, I should like to commend one of our musical clubs for the excellent performance of Canadian compositions given some weeks ago at the home of one of our prominent citizens. A group of songs by Mr. Leo Smith, sung with fine feeling by Miss Myrtle Hare, and a piano concerto by Mr. Scott Malcolm, played by the composer with Mr. Ernest Seitz at the second piano, were of exceptional interest, and argued well for the future of Canadian music. Yet, when all is said and done, we have scarcely crossed the threshold in the matter of original work, and one continues to scan the horizon for signs of a real awakening of serious interest among our young students in this—the most important and fundamental branch of musical activity.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

By FRED. T. CONGDON

THERE are few more interesting characters in Shakespeare's plays than Mistress Quickly. The lady has as infinite variety as another Shakespearean lady whose lofty position and looser charms have attracted greater attention. Her variety is exhibited in the ease and skill with which she accommodates herself to all sorts of company. Her charm pleases all and subdues martial Pistol, on the eve of great adventure, to the marital yoke. Probably Shakespeare purposely, possibly carelessly, left un-

certain the times of the lady's several appearances. He never worried greatly about chronological accuracy. He was writing plays, not historical or biographical chronicles. Thus it is left in doubt whether Mistress Quickly in *Merry Wives of Windsor* was still properly of that name, or, should be more accurately styled Mistress Pistol. No doubt she was one of those advanced people who think there is not much in a name anyhow.

The real matter with which it is now sought to

deal is whether in the *Merry Wives* Mistress Quickly is consistent with the lady of the same name in Henry IV and V. In Sidney Lee's fine edition of Shakespeare the introduction to *Merry Wives of Windsor* is written by Mr. Augustine Birrell in his usual interesting and delightful manner. Mr. Birrell suggests, or rather asserts, that Mistress Quickly in this play is not the same lady as she who appeared elsewhere as the presiding genius of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, and took no insignificant part in the fine scenes laid there.

It is humbly submitted, notwithstanding the great authority of Mr. Birrell, that he has overlooked the excellence of the training of the lady, and that her education fitted her so perfectly for many rôles that she seemed a different woman in each succeeding one. Perhaps in the pious seclusion of his study Mr. Birrell has failed to observe a feature of English life that, by reason of its novelty to visitors from the Western World, deeply impresses them. At all events he has not given full value to the training received by the hostess in the conduct of her inn. In her exalted position there, she had all the advantages of a barmaid with the added dignity of one who not only shared the duties of the barmaids, but presided over them. In her daily life she met princes, lords, and knights; swaggering officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, rough privates, too; and magistrates and constables, high and low of every walk of life. Her experience at the Boar's Head fitted her for any company in the world.

She was a woman of keen perception. See how greatly she enjoyed that scene done by old Falstaff and young Prince Hal, in which the two presented, one after the other, in varied manner, the old king, and did it as well as any harlotry players. Behold her tender sensibility exhibit itself so strongly, that Falstaff prays to remove our tristful Queen, for tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes. She is a kindly old soul. How she relents at Falstaff's pleading and not only withdraws her suit against him, but pawns her goods to make him a fresh advance. Her conduct, after the supposed time of Henry IV, is quite in keeping with her former character.

There is nothing more touching in literature, than her account of poor Jack's death. I never realized how natural was her remark to dying Falstaff, when he called God, God, God, three times, that she hoped it was not so bad that he need call on God yet, than on an occasion when for weeks I assisted to care for one, who greatly dreaded death, and again and again thought himself dying, and so announced. The sick man would recall how wicked he had been, although I never knew a better man, ask for prayers for the dying, and speak the name of God repeatedly in most earnest manner. The death scene frequently repeated, got so on my nerves that I restrained myself with

difficulty from advising him that his state was not so bad that he need call on God yet. It was natural advice and the temptation to give came before recollection of Mistress Quickly.

What more natural than for this lady, no longer mistress of the Boar's Head and too old, perhaps, to be attractive as barmaid, to become housekeeper to Doctor Gaius. In her new role she recalls repeatedly the old mistress, but, even if she did not, the change would be merely a development of her educated potentialities. She still retained an aversion to prayer. 'His only fault,' says she of John Rugby, 'is that he is given to prayer. He's something peevish that way. But none of us but has his faults.'

An English inn with its bars was necessary to educate such a woman as Mistress Quickly. Such splendid feminine versatility as she possessed could be obtained in no other place. A saloon on this continent never trained women as the English inn did and still does. Men here were too foolishly careful of their women in the days of the saloon to allow them to enter one and share the pleasant scenes they themselves enjoyed there. Men would have been shocked, probably for only a short time, to have their drinks served by pretty maids. They drank themselves, but hated to see the ladies drink, and the spectacle in those days was seldom witnessed. The result has been that, upon this continent, we lack women of such versatility as Mistress Quickly. Mr. Birrell, possibly by reason of too near perspective, has lost appreciation of the splendid advantages enjoyed by the lady. He has overlooked the deep knowledge she acquired of people of every walk of life. No doubt, like other barmaids as occasion required, she served the guests in the common bar, or in the gentleman's room, or in the more retired quarter, in which his lordship shielded his person while assuaging his thirst. On many occasions she had leisure for interchanging thoughts with lofty ones, with witty ones, as well as with humbler folk.

A barmaid, if she be pretty, will receive many compliments and, if she be wise, and she generally is, will take them for what they are worth. She learns to assume the proper attitude toward different classes of men. She can be loud or quiet, boisterous or subdued, vulgar or refined. There is in her life greater variety of training and of intenser character than at Girton or Vassar. No doubt the same thing was true in Mistress Quickly's time.

Once I met an ex-barmaid at Ottawa. In a moment of madness such as overcame many virtuous English women, during the war, she married a Canadian soldier and returned with him to Ottawa, his home in Canada. There he carried on business. The husband and wife had comfortable quarters on the ground floor of an apartment house. The wife cared for the rooms. A lame friend of mine, a tenant in the house, used frequently to converse with her. He was



IN A HABITANT HOUSE

BY ARTHUR LISMER

proud of being a gentleman by birth and training and, being helpless, was an object of generous solicitude to the woman. She did everything she could to keep his rooms as he desired, and he was very neat in his modes. Often he conversed with her. After a time she expressed the pleasure his conversation afforded her, for said she, 'I miss in Ottawa the good society to which I was accustomed in England.' It was only later that he learned that she had been a barmaid in England

and that it was in the course of her employment that she had met daily and conversed frequently with the best gentlemen of old England. When he learned this he suggested to her that in her employment at Ottawa she met senators, members of Parliament and even cabinet ministers and their wives, and others, residents in the apartment house. 'Oh, my Gawd,' she said, 'do you call them fit society for a woman who has been maid in a good English bar?'

AN ECONOMIC SALVO

By J. F. WHITE

IT has been assumed by some writers that the tremendous advance which is taking place in transportation on land and sea and in the air, will in time aid in breaking down the unreasoning antagonisms which exist between races. When a man travels to the ends of the earth he usually finds that the people of the antipodes are, in many ways, like his next-door neighbours, that the vices and virtues of humanity are fairly well distributed geographically, and that other races than his own are assured by their head-men and witch-doctors that they alone are the 'chosen people'. Surely, it is argued, that as people move more freely from country to country, imaginary barriers will melt away, racial enmities will be forgotten, war will become unthinkable, and the dawn of international co-operation will be at hand.

There is no doubt that racial antipathies are diminishing, but there is some danger that as these walls are torn down others are being erected which will again separate man from man, and which may provoke new hatreds, new economic struggles, and possibly new wars. These divisions will remain as national or imperial frontiers, but the lines of cleavage between peoples will be marked by economic interests rather than racial distinctions. The British Empire, the United States, the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics will probably be the great powers of to-morrow—Russia to-day being only potentially great as compared to the other two. Between them, these three great empires rule nearly half of the earth's surface, each of them is a great amalgam of races and creeds of very mixed ethnic origins, and each is threatened with dissolution if at any time the economic interests of its constituent parts should seriously conflict. All these empires are intent on developing a new form of economic nationalism, consisting of groups of dissimilar peoples, bound together by ties of material self-interest (aided, of course, by ideological formulas), in which the state takes more and more interest in the encouragement of industrial development, the struggle for world trade, and the fight for the raw materials of commerce. That a spirit of co-operation and friendli-

ness might develop between these rivals is perhaps possible, but unfortunately there is little sign of it at present. In fact, the potential antagonisms that are implicit in these imperial developments are so great that such diverse minds as H. G. Wells, Lt.-Com. Kenworthy, and Leon Trotsky, all foresee the danger of an armed clash between the United States and the British Commonwealth, or between the British Empire and Russia. They are agreed that either of these wars might mean the collapse of our present form of civilization, and a world 'reverting' to Bolshevism. This conclusion is horrifying to Wells and Kenworthy, but, of course, it is regarded with some composure by Trotsky. Even though we escape this supreme madness, there will almost certainly be commercial struggles, trade wars, and diplomatic duels, which will tend to produce as much ill-will as the earlier racial incompatibilities.

Already there is resentment in Britain at the loss of financial supremacy to the United States, and in the East, Great Britain and Russia are engaged in a fierce diplomatic struggle to secure the upper hand in China, Persia, India, Afghanistan, and Turkey. Although most of the skirmishing takes place on the outer borders, the real struggle for supremacy will be between the industrial systems which are being built up at the heart of each empire, and an important factor will be the *rate* of industrial development of each as compared to the others. The growth of material wealth and industrial technique in America and the U.S.S.R.—and not merely the growth, but the rate of growth—is of great importance to the British Empire. These two have a common advantage over the British Empire as both have an enormous compact territory, almost self-supporting in the necessities of life and the raw materials of commerce; each operates on 'internal lines', as the military phrase has it; whereas the British Empire is scattered over the Seven Seas and is, consequently, much more vulnerable.

A superficial glance at Russia and the United States might suggest that they have little in common; the United States the wealthiest nation on earth, the

finest flower of capitalism, its people characteristically optimistic, progressive, and materialistic; Russia, one of the poorest of countries, its government socialist in form, its people industrially backward, inclined to idealism, and traditionally pessimistic. But great changes are taking place in both countries, and beneath the surface there are interesting parallels in development. In both, the ruling class has accepted the machine age without reservation; organization, mechanization, and standardization are the orders of the day, man is to cease being the slave of the machine and become its master, by producing more and more machinery. Again, in the reality of political organization, as distinct from theory, there is a surprising similarity. In Russia large industry is owned or controlled by the state, which is in turn governed by a small group of men who are thus able to co-ordinate politics and big business; in the United States, big business, again in the hands of a small group, practically owns and controls the state. Hoover and Mellon, Stalin and Rykov, in theory poles apart, in practice perform very similar functions. Both direct the destinies of their central governments and also influence the development of large-scale industry. 'Planful production' is more highly organized in Russia, but in the American Federal Reserve Bank, Hoover's bureau of standards, and other agencies, there is the same trend toward central supervision of industry.

It is being established that where industry is guided or controlled by some central agency it is more efficient than when operating under old conditions of free competition. Mr. Dobb says in *Russian Economic Development**:—

The fact would seem to indicate that the planning of production by a central body can assure a more even and proportionate expansion of industry in its various branches than can a system of laissez-faire.

And in *Industry's Coming of Age* we also find an appreciation of the value of this 'integration of industry':—

The distinct economies inherent in combination are attributable to the savings made in the technique of general management as against plant management, and the superior co-ordinations which are made possible by the unifying of formerly competing groups of businesses.

It seems probable that if Britain is to compete with her rivals on equal terms she may be obliged to socialize her industry or turn it over to a small group of capitalist dictators.

Russian Economic Development is easily the most enlightening work on this subject that has been pro-

duced since the revolution. Mr. Dobb says in his preface:—

I have attempted to combine an objective description of facts with an analysis and interpretation of them, since a sense of perspective and of significance is as important to understanding as acquaintance with the chronological order of events.

And the sureness with which he has selected the really vital facts from a mass of material makes the book a model for future economic writers. The course of military communism and the early operation of the New Economic Policy are detailed in clear and convincing style. He disposes of the popular myth that Lenin attempted to force a militant communism upon the reluctant Russian people, and then, realizing that it 'wouldn't work', began to retire towards capitalism—the first backward step being the adoption of the N.E.P. Actually, the complete nationalization which marked military communism was forced upon Lenin by the industrial workers, as he fully understood—being a realist and a good Marxist—that such a short cut to socialism was impossible in an undeveloped country. Mr. Dobb does not believe that Russia is turning back to capitalism. So long as the Communists hold certain key positions, the nationalized banks and big industry, the monopoly of foreign trade, and the control of the army and police force, Russia will remain on the other side of the economic watershed which separates capitalism and socialism. He accepts the estimates of *Gosplan* that by 1930 production in Russia will be fifty per cent. greater than in pre-war days. In summing up he is even generous to the new order:—

Some declare that Moscow already wears the signs of an American city, with a drive and activity which she did not have before. In her streets there is certainly a new rhythm of life to be felt and heard. A new spirit of creation is abroad, elemental and crude and strong. On the lump of the old Russian temperament the Communists are ruthlessly working as a new leaven—an energizing, a levelling, a Westernizing force. Perhaps in this 'laboratory of life', as one observer calls it, the scientist is evolving some new historical element of great moment to the world.

Industry's Coming of Age and *American Prosperity* are both surveys of the amazing advance made during the last decade in American industry, its causes and effects, with some forecasts for the immediate future. Mr. Mazur's book is essentially a class document. It is addressed primarily to that progressive, hard-headed 'go-getter', the American Business Man. The author contends that when the business man prospers, all other classes benefit, if not to the same degree, at least to a noticeable extent; and it is doubtless true of a large part of American production that the captains of industry have passed on a share of the new wealth to the lower ranks. In some instances his uncritical adulation of the profit motive in all its aspects is a trifle crude:—

The appeal of the florists has been outstandingly suc-

*INDUSTRY'S COMING OF AGE, by Rexford Guy Tugwell. (Harcourt-Brace-McLeod; pp. viii., 274; \$2.00).

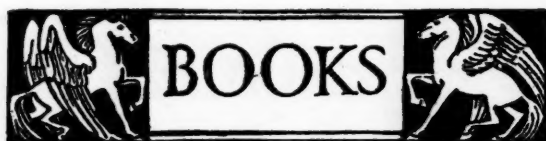
RUSSIAN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT SINCE THE REVOLUTION, by Maurice Dobb. (Routledge; pp. xii., 415; 15/-).

AMERICAN PROSPERITY, ITS CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES, by Paul M. Mazur. (Viking Press-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 368; \$2.50).

cessful. 'Say it with flowers' has become a valuable slogan to the flower sellers of this country. Mother's Day is a sentimental thought that is paying its way in the profits which it has offered to the florists who have great-heartedly taught the American public the meaning of the day and how to say it with flowers.

Mr. Tugwell is equally interested in the advance of industry, but, in addition, he has a well-developed social sense, and he is critical of the imperfections in the existing system, though optimistic as to its future development. He anticipates further 'trustification' of industry and believes that as businesses grow in wealth and power they will come to think of themselves in social terms; will think more of service to the community and less of profits. Eventually he sees a time when everyone can share in all the kinds of goods there are, and America will thus achieve a form of communism by the opposite path to the one taken by the Russians. *Industry's Coming of Age* is an excellent study of the technical causes of American productivity and it contains some brilliant observations on the trend of economic development in the United States.

Here are two great systems, the American and the Russian, one approaching the height of its development, the other just getting under way, both dynamic and alive with positive ideals, both certain to exert a tremendous influence during the years to come which will extend far beyond their own borders.



BAPTIZED OF THE DESERT

THE LETTERS OF GERTRUDE BELL, selected and edited by Lady Bell, O.B.E. (Ernest Benn-Nelson; 2 vols., pp. 791; \$12.75).

IT may be that none of the letters of Miss Gertrude Bell will ever find their way into an enlarged edition of Professor Saintsbury's *Letter Book*. Yet as letters they have a quality of their own—a vivid, lively, and direct way of describing events, people, a country. Gertrude Bell was indefatigable; she travelled all day and wrote tirelessly at midnight (or later) of what had happened during the past twenty-four hours. All the letters are fresh and keen as the desert air—though we might perhaps have spared some of them from print as of no importance. But that is a matter of feeling. Some of the best are of the earliest years describing her mountain climbing in Switzerland; she was no mean mountaineer and could convey the thrill of a climb excellently.

To say that life drew her more than letters might convey a wrong impression. She was always a scholar, from the year she took a first in the Modern History

School in Oxford to her untimely death, brought on, in part, by her excessive labours as Director of the Baghdad Museum of Antiquities. She knew and is known by archaeologists; she wrote books on her researches, and made relentless journeys to desert places therefor. Letters and poetry she loved. Languages she acquired with amazing industry and equal success. Thus, for example, after learning most of the tongues of Europe, and acquiring Arabic, Turkish, and Persian, she wrestled with Chinese, and, coming to Japan, explained how 'I spent my time in the train learning Japanese, so that when we arrived at Miyajima I was able to explain that we wanted to leave our heavy baggage at the station.'

But this was by way of preparation, familiar means to a less common end, and this end in the Near and not the Far East. Into the life and ways of the country lying roughly between Damascus and Baghdad (with a slice of Asia Minor and Druse country in addition) she was drawn as no other western woman, and only a few western men like Doughty and Lawrence, have been drawn. She made her first journey into the desert from Jerusalem as the last century closed. There she returned, writing prophetically in 1905, 'What a country this is! I fear I shall spend the rest of my days travelling in it.' From Asia Minor, where she then was, she worked south and east, dodging the Turkish officials and travelling always only with desert folk, in a series of journeys, above all in a notable march across the Nefud desert to Hayil. This was a hard and dangerous journey; it was made in the winter of 1913-14. Her letters mirror it all with its perils and its pictures. A passage from one of them will serve to show both the writer and the journey:—

I made great friends with Muhammad. He is a good fellow and I like him and trust him. In the three days I spent with him—one indeed, a very long one was spent in riding over the hills and back—I saw him dealing out justice and hospitality to his tribe and found both to be good. Of an evening we sat in his big tent—he is an important person you understand—and I listened to the tales and the songs of the desert, the exploits of Audah, who is one of the most famous raiders of these days, and romantic adventures of the princes of Nejd. Muhammed sat beside me on the rugs which were spread on the clean soft sand, his great figure wrapped in a sheepskin cloak, and sometimes he puffed at his narghile and listened to the talk and sometimes he joined in, his black eyes flashing in question and answer. I watched it all and found much to look at. And then, long after dark, the 'nagas', the camel mothers, would come home with their calves and crouch down in the sand outside the open tent. Muhammad got up, drew his robe about him, and went out into the night with a huge wooden bowl, which he brought back to me full to the brim of camels' milk, a most delectable drink. And I fancy that when you have drunk the milk of the naga over the camp fire of Abu Tayyi you are baptized of the desert and there is no other salvation for you.

So indeed it was for Gertrude Bell. The war came and took her to France for a time, but in due course she was sent to Cairo, to India, and so to Basra, and then to Baghdad. This was in 1917 and in Baghdad she remained, save for occasional visits home or into the desert or the mountains, until her death in 1926. Her

letters from Bagdad fill the whole of the second volume. She becomes increasingly absorbed with the politics of Mesopotamia, and the problem of its fate after the war. English though she was from her hat to her shoes, she was pro-Arab as well. 'If the British evacuate Mesopotamia I shall stay here peacefully and see what happens', she wrote in 1920. The story of her share in helping to place King Feisal on the throne of Iraq needs the whole history of these years in Mesopotamia for its setting. When it was accomplished she might have gone home, but archaeology claimed her again and she died in harness. She had done her job, however, and Gertrude Bell of Iraq will not soon be forgotten.

R. F.

SERMONS—SCIENTIFIC AND SACRAMENTAL

SHOULD SUCH A FAITH OFFEND? By Ernest William Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham. (Hodder & Stoughton—Musson; pp. xxx., 331; \$2.00).

A MODERN-MINDED Bishop occupies an extremely difficult position. His primary duty is to act as a Father-in-God to all and sundry within his Diocese, and there are those who say that a Bishop ought to be an impartial administrator, not a partisan, not even in respect to differences of belief; he must be prepared to tolerate much that he believes to be untrue, and neither criticize nor condemn beliefs which have been sanctioned by the silence of other Bishops within the Church.

The Bishop of Birmingham, as everybody knows, is a modernist; but so far from agreeing with the foregoing idea of episcopal fatherliness, he regards it as 'an intolerable proposition that a Bishop should be silent' even on questions whereon differences of opinion are more or less recognized in the Church. Not only, he asserts, has a Bishop the right, but it is his duty, to proclaim and maintain truth:—

If in times of reaction primitive errors reappear or superstitious fancies renew their strength, it is for him, however unpleasant the task, to point out the dangers which attach to such forms of religious degeneration, equally when by the progress of secular knowledge opinions which have religious associations are shown to be false, it is a Bishop's duty so to combine . . . old spiritual truths with the new knowledge.

Acting on this conviction Bishop Barnes has never hesitated in his sermons to speak the truth as he sees it. He has a distinctly scientific mind, and more than any other man probably in the Anglican Communion is endeavouring to relate modern scientific knowledge to religious beliefs. He has of late, however, concentrated on sacramental ideas, especially the sacramental teaching of the extreme Anglo-Catholic group in the Church of England. He has denounced their views as

superstitious and magical; he has shocked them by challenging them to put transubstantiation to the test by a scientific experiment on two pieces of bread in the Chapel of his own house. He has, in short, dubbed the extreme Anglo-Catholic position a travesty of Christianity.

Well, a Bishop who is bold enough to do this kind of thing is bound to offend somebody, and Bishop Barnes certainly did offend a great many people, at any rate by his sacramental sermons. He did, indeed, raise such a storm of protest that he has felt compelled to appeal for a verdict to a larger public on the basis of his teaching during the last seven years. This volume accordingly contains a selection of his sermons that fully represents 'the most characteristic and most criticized elements' in his teaching. The majority of them, concerned with the restatement of Christian Doctrine in the light of modern knowledge, are not likely, we can say at once, to offend very many intelligent people. We may agree with those who have already assured the Bishop that they embody 'the only sort of defence of the Christian outlook that is possible to-day.' Incidentally, it is worthy of note how many of these sermons have been preached before scientific and similar associations, an evident witness of the regard that modern thinkers have for a man of Bishop Barnes' outlook. We could only wish that other Bishops in the Anglican Communion whose belief must approximate very closely to that of Bishop Barnes, would be as urgent as he is for the abandonment of doctrines that they now no longer really hold. It may shock the average man in the pew to be told that the traditional Christian scheme has been undermined by our increasing knowledge of the universe and man. But it is only too clearly an offence to the modern mind that the Church should continue to teach as if the old forms had the truth still left in them.

But if we heartily endorse all that the Bishop has said on this matter, we can scarcely go so far as to say that there is no occasion for offence in the remaining sermons in his book. The danger of magic and superstition in sacramentalism we readily admit; and the cultus of the Reserved Sacrament we regard as a retrogression; but to condemn even the doctrine of transubstantiation in his language seems to us to be going too far. There are Anglo-Catholics who cannot be so summarily or so rudely disposed of—the group of writers in *Essays Catholic and Critical*, to go no further. This is not to suggest that extreme sacramental ideas should not be criticized or challenged or even condemned. But there is a way of doing it, after all, which would at least avoid any serious feeling of offence. And they are surely right who regard the art of speaking the truth in love as a necessary quality in the equipment of a Bishop.

F. J. MOORE.

LIVELY SCANDAL

MEMOIRS OF MRS. LETITIA PILKINGTON with Introduction by Iris Barry. (Routledge; pages vii., 487; 15/-).

SUCH an entertaining book as this would probably not have been so long neglected if Mrs. Pilkington had not been so consistently treated as a lying gossip by most serious students of the eighteenth century and especially by all the biographers of Swift. The latest of these, however, Monsieur Pons, in the first volume of his complete and scholarly study of Swift which has recently appeared, insists on the value of Mrs. Pilkington's lively anecdotes and her fresh unbiassed opinion of Swift's character.

Although just married she was only a child when she first met him, a pert, precocious child with a talent for writing verses, and he seems to have adopted towards her his characteristic role of tyrannic schoolmaster. Here are a number of stories of his queer and unaccountable behaviour, spiced for the taste of her scandal-loving audience; but nevertheless Swift is one of the few figures in her book—apart from the Duke of Marlborough, Colley Cibber and Samuel Richardson who all relieved her generously in her poverty—who emerge unsmirched, a strange Dean certainly, but a fine strong and attractive personality.

For the rest, it is amusing chatter, often venomous and spiteful gossip. Mrs. Pilkington is not exactly a charming lady; life was too hard upon her. She found men selfish and brutal, women jealous and slanderous; and it was inevitable perhaps that a pretty, gifted young Irishwoman, separated from her husband, and living in lodgings exactly opposite White's Chocolate House should become a cynical adventuress at war with society.

These three volumes of Memoirs were her revenge, and also her way of making a living. Those who subscribed readily and generously she spared; those who treated her ill or refused her assistance, she used as material for her scandalous stories. 'I cannot'—she writes at the beginning of volume III—'like a certain female writer say I hope if I have done nothing to please, I have done nothing to offend; for truly I mean to give both pleasure and offence: Lemon and Sugar is very pretty . . . I was very well diverted with Mr. Woodward's *Coffee*, and humorous description of me, crying: 'Subscribe, or else I'll paint you like the Devil!'

It is difficult not to admire her engaging frankness and the courage which never left her in her unequal struggle against society; and though she is often too spiteful to be trusted, the general impression she gives of eighteenth-century society is certainly not wholly unauthentic. Her world is indeed much the same world as that revealed in the novels of Fielding and the letters of James Boswell.

H. J. D.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM

ART OF THE NIGHT. By George Jean Nathan. (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 296; \$2.75).

THIS book consists mainly (if not entirely) of reprinted theatrical criticisms and therefore does not show the texture and the cumulative argument or demonstration proper to a treatise. But as Mr. Nathan combines practical knowledge of all the contemporary conditions, wide reading in dramatic literature, sound sense and critical acumen, into an accomplishment perhaps unattained by any other man now writing about the stage, even the present collection of items possesses high merit and deep interest. The best chapters are 'Advice to a Young Critic', 'Notes on the Movies' and 'Writers of Plays.'

Naturally there are points with which one disagrees. He commits himself to the shocking question 'What, after all, is a play but an underwritten novel and a novel but an overwritten play?' before he quite sensibly trounces Mr. Arnold Bennett for implying the same theory. It is grievous that so acute a man should join in the present ludicrous eulogy of that foul block-head Wycherley. The late A. B. Walkley is praised for the disgraceful cheapness wherewith he belied his own interests and knowledge and played to the gallery, thereby earning that sharp rap on the knuckles duly administered in *Fanny's First Play*. This tendency, disgustingly pampered in Walkley, one of the less alluring elements in Mr. St. John Ervine, and admirably absent from Mr. Nathan's own equipment, is altogether too common among the more educated dramatic critics. 'Observe! I know all about Aristotle and Racine and Ibsen, but (bless you!) don't jeer at me for a high-brow. No one could be more vulgar at heart. I study Pirandello and Strindberg, but (*lowering voice*) it's because these editors and lit'ry clubs fall for it, but gimme a show wid goils to ut!'

Now, you may enjoy both kind of entertainment but your fondness for Ziegfeld Follies has no more to do with drama than with astrophysics. Most of our play-tasters are misled by the fact that both exhibitions are advertised on the same page of the newspaper. But hardly Mr. Nathan, so let us pass on. The reference to Sophocles' *Antigone* should be to *Imene*. On p. 105 'What they are are dramatic frauds' is both ugly and ungrammatical: read 'What they are is'. The discussion of Mr. O'Neill's humour is vitiated by a confusion of humour with irony (see however next page). Here is a statement providing limitless provender for dramatic clubs: 'There has never been produced a play, great or puny, which had anything new to tell an intelligent audience'. What Mr. Nathan means by saying that the auditorium show was not 'above' the Greeks or Shakespeare I cannot imagine, unless he refers to the *orchestra* and the apron-stage, neither of which has any real similarity to his notion.



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But the book as a whole is alive with shrewdness, knowledge and brilliance. A few examples should not be omitted:—

Before a nation may produce fashionable comedy it must produce a class to whom polish is not an acquired but a natural attribute.

Another great idea is to paint the scene pink, rent a glass chandelier and two Louis XIV. chairs, fit out the girls in hoopskirts and white wigs and call the result 'Minuet at Versailles on the Eve of the Fall of the Bastille'.

In the average play of the literary man, one can, in one's mind's eye, see the book leaves turning with the movement of the stage characters.

Everything (in *Juno and the Paycock*) is on the stage to make a consistently holding play, but the materials are like a troop of fully armed soldiers whose commander is down with the measles.

Too much naturalness is as bad for the theatre as too much theatricality is bad for life.

And thank Heaven that at last someone has decided that Gorgeous Eastern Spectacle which the revue-producer never spares us!

GILBERT NORWOOD.

HUMOURS OF THE ARAB PEOPLE

ORIENTAL ENCOUNTERS, by Marmaduke Pickthall (Knopf-Macmillans in Canada; pp. xiv. 277; \$3.50).

MR. PICKTHALL has long been known as one of the few English writers who understand the nearer East. In this book he gives us a collection of sketches founded on memorable impressions of his earliest days in Syria and Palestine, thirty years ago: 'A record of small things', he writes, 'yet it seems possible that something human may be learnt from such a comic sketch-book of experience which would never be derived from more imposing works.' For Mr. Pickthall, the native life of the country had an irresistible attraction; although he was only eighteen at the time, and disposed to respect the counsels of his older countrymen, he found it impossible to keep his proper distance from the 'natives,' and soon after mastering the vernacular he gave his natural propensities free rein, roved the country with Arab friends, adopted the Arab way of living, and came almost to be accepted by the people as one of themselves.

Had the urge within him been no more than the ordinary curiosity of the Westerner in search of new experience, the first night spent at a native inn would have been enough to satiate it. In one dirty room were a dozen beds on which the thirty casual guests disposed themselves to sleep:—

An Armenian gentleman, who had a wife with him, stood guard with pistols over her all night. He was so foolish as to threaten loudly anyone who dared approach her. After he had done so several times a man arose from the bed next to mine and strolling to him seized him by the throat.

'O man,' he chided. 'Art thou mad or what, thus to arouse our passions by thy talk of women? Be silent, or we honest men here present will wring thy neck and take thy woman from thee. . . . Be silent, hearest thou. Men wish to sleep.'

'Said I not well, O brother?' said the monitor to me, as he got back to bed.

'By Allah, well,' was my reply. The jealous one was silent after that.

But 'there were insects', and before dawn the Englishman was riding on his way. He slept in the open or on housetops after that, when he could; but even the memory of English beds could not reclaim him to English ways—to our great gain.

Some of the sketches throw odd lights on the antiquity of the common life of the country. For example, when the Englishman wished to buy land, he was dismayed to find that the olive-trees on it belonged to a multitude of other owners, who would not sell them and who must have the free use of his land to tend them; and when he protested, he was told: 'If your Honour condescends to read the Bible he will notice that, in the bargain which our lord Abraham made for the cave of Machpelah, the trees on the land are mentioned separately.' But the great charm and value of the book lie in its faithful illustration of the humours of the Arab people, their whole-hearted hate for those who even appear to slight or distrust them and their almost invariable response to trust and courtesy, their pride and their humility, their credulity and their absolute faith, their gravity and their sardonic humour. The author has the candour to dwell on encounters which tell against himself, and while most of the incidents are too subtle in themselves to permit of short quotation, we must record this rebuke of an old Sheykh whose dog the Englishman had shot to prevent a *mésalliance* of a thoroughbred spaniel bitch:

He was glad that we had shot the creature, since to shoot it gave us pleasure. His one desire was that we should enjoy ourselves. Since our delight was in the slaughter of domestic animals, he proposed to bring his mare—of the best blood of the desert—round for us to shoot.

We felt exceedingly ashamed, and muttered what we could by way of apology. But the Sheykh would not accept it from us. Gravely smiling, and stroking his grey beard, he said: 'Nay, do what pleases you. God knows, your pleasure is a law to us. Nay, speak the word, and almost (God forgive me!) I would bring my little son for you to shoot. So unlimited is my regard for men so much above the common rules of this our country, and who are protected in their every fancy by the Powers of Europe.'

'His flattery', writes Mr. Pickthall, 'dejected us for many days.'

MORE WORTHIES

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY, 1912-1921. Edited by H. W. C. Davis and J. R. H. Weaver. (Oxford University Press; pp. xxvi, 623; \$6.25).

NO review could give any adequate idea of the amount of time, patience, scholarship, and care which have gone into this latest volume of the D.N.B. We can only say that it is worthy of the traditions

AMERICAN PROSPERITY

Its Causes and Consequences

By PAUL M. MAZUR

The Author, a member of the Wall Street banking firm of Lehman Brothers, has had unusual opportunities to study the complex and conflicting origins of to-day's amazing prosperity in the United States. In this book he submits it to a searching analysis. He deals with such subjects as the great savings achieved by mass production as opposed to the tremendous cost of "high-pressure" distribution, the unequal trade balance, and the dangers attendant on the pyramiding of deferred payments.

While Mr. Mazur deals in particular with the conditions and problems of the United States, Canadian prosperity is so dependent on those conditions, and our problems are so intimately related to theirs, that we cannot afford to be ignorant of them. Mr. Mazur speaks with authority and has many disturbing things to say of the future. Already the heads of several important firms have insisted on their staffs studying this book and more than one reviewer has recognized in it the first clear expression of that new warning note which is being heard in American financial writings.

\$2.50.

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

By Thornton Niven Wilder.

One Hundred Thousand Copies in 90 days! To us it is an extraordinary thing that this book should have such a huge "popular" sale, as it had none of the characteristics which are usually associated with a book appealing to the masses.

The FORUM reader, and rightly so, is ordinarily prejudiced against a "best seller"; but this book has some elusive quality—a beauty of style, a fineness of feeling, a subtle insight into the relations of life—which is attracting the most fastidious readers and reviewers. Borrow it, or better still, buy it, and judge for yourself.

Also THE CABALA, by the same author.

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REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN

A series of biographies of representative women of all ages, edited by Francis Birrell. Each woman has been chosen as the Mirror of her Time and each biographer for his knowledge of the subject. The following are now ready:

ANNIE BESANT

By Geoffrey West.

The wife of a clergyman, denounced as an atheist, she became an authority on Indian conditions and the founder of theosophy. Of this description of her life and character "The Manchester Guardian" says, "Exceptionally well done".

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APHRA BEHN

By V. Sackville-West.

Miss Sackville-West gives us a vivid picture of the life and times of the first woman writer in England to earn her living by her pen, who thereby gained an unsavoury reputation, but who opened up the field of authorship to women—a fact which some are still conservative enough to hold against her.

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and is on the whole more accurate than its predecessors. Certainly it will prove an invaluable asset to every library, scholar, and journalist.

As a general rule the ideals for this special type of biographical public convenience laid down with such emphasis by Sir Sidney Lee are followed; but we notice throughout the volume a distinct growth of criticism, of attempts at evaluations. If this is to be a rule in future, it ought to be applied more uniformly. On the other hand we have serious misgivings about it. It may be true that contemporaries can frequently put on record historical information of importance and import, but we doubt very much the value of their estimates and judgments. After all, these depend on an indescribable and unaccountable something in some peculiar way connected with time.

It is very easy to be critical of a volume such as this at the expense of losing sight of its outstanding merits; and the great burden of any criticism must be personal. For ourselves we should like to say one thing which we shall call broadly a sense of lack of balance. One or two examples will suffice. We cannot understand the long account of Alfred Austin. The writer tells us of his mediocrity, of his 'padded' works, and yet we are given almost four columns of invaluable space. Why? Again W. G. Grace gets four columns and Wilfrid Laurier three. Why? It may be, in the final winnowing of 'national biographies', that cricket will prove more important than either Canada or the Empire—but we have our doubts. However, the article on Grace has this compensation that it is much better written than that on Laurier, which in no way brings into relief his importance, and is somewhat lacking in political insight and accurate estimates. There is no reason why this should be, especially as we have been charmed and delighted by the first-class estimates of Botha and Cromer.

The article on Stephen Phillips is far too long, and we might add similar objections to other articles; but we have put on record our point of view and that is enough. We have mentioned one Canadian biography. The others are concise, suggestive and adequate. Mr. W. L. Grant does justice with criticisms to his subjects. We cannot, however, agree with Mr. W. S. Wallace that Edward Blake's chief title to fame will rest on his political career. Perhaps Mr. Wallace means by his cryptic estimate that Blake chose Laurier as his successor, otherwise Blake's political career is perhaps the most barren and disappointing in modern Canadian history.

In conclusion we would venture to suggest to the editors that, for purposes of their next volume, they might consult Mr. Wallace's admirable *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* for names not unimportant in 'national' achievement. We do not care to say more in this connexion lest we be suspected of being infected with the new disease—'colonial-mindedness'.

SHORT NOTICES

THE BRONTË SISTERS. By Ernest Dimnet, translated from the French by Louis Morgan Sill. (Cape-Nelson; pp. 256; \$2.50).

Those who read this book when it was originally published in French in 1910 will welcome this translation, for it was generally spoken of then as the best and most sympathetic biography of the Brontës that had appeared; and those who read it now for the first time will still find it unsurpassed, and in every way comparable to the best of those admirable studies that have recently been produced by French scholars in the field of English literature. It will indeed appeal very probably to an even larger public than most of these critical works, for though it is in no sense popular in its manner, and contains excellent criticism of the novels, it is intended primarily as a biography; and that which is of purely literary importance is subordinated to the general human interest. It succeeds in setting before us so vividly the life of the family in the Haworth Vicarage that we cannot fail to be stirred by the pathos and the austere beauty of their story.

It is a strange story of three gifted children who were never really children, and who were yet cut off before they grew up, or had tasted any joy in life. Here is no adventurous experience, no rich satisfaction, no gentle ease, but what might seem at first sight a dull and empty existence largely spent in an ugly Yorkshire village. But:—

These girls, leading their lives as housekeepers and school teachers, were visited by what is called for lack of another term poetic inspiration. They knew, from frequent experiences, what it is to be transported, by the meeting of sounds with certain feelings and images, into another world where everything becomes charming and easy. This tall, dark girl, Emily, whom we see beating a rug in the garden of the parsonage, or kneeling as she counts apples in a room, hears voices when she walks on the moors; the bell flowers of the heather speak to her from the winding cleft of the rock, and evasive music passes with her through the solitary gorge; Anne, timid and silent, is plunged into a lovely dream by the star over the mountain; Charlotte no longer feels the weight of her responsibility and her hindrances; she is cradled in long rhythms where she gives herself up to the violence which is the hidden basis of her nature.

It is this vision of them which enables M. Dimnet to give to every detail of their experience its essential beauty and reveal the profound significance of their broken lives.

MANY MINDS, by Maurice Hutton (Musson; pp. 300; \$3.50).

Flecker wrote of a famous university town:—

With its fair and floral air,
And the love that lingers there,
And the streets where the great men go.

All heads of colleges are great men. Are they not the pillars that bear up the microcosm of the university? Have they not corrected the essays of prime-ministers and indulged in sarcastic comment on the presidents of banks? It is a pleasure to think that through the floral air that Toronto can put on in May, Principal Hutton, with no consciousness of greatness, may still be seen to pass serenely, communing with the 'many minds' of whom he has written for us with his own austere charm. In this book 'Father Parmenides' does not invite one to lay hands on him. The shafts of that Socratic irony, so natural to

him, are turned most disarmingly against himself and his class. Here is a characteristic passage from the essay on his beloved Kipling:—

His poems were written for our learning, for us academic persons who have no action, who have words only; whose lives are chronicled by words and dated by theories. . . . We are the people for whom the curious text was written, 'By your words ye shall be justified and by your words ye shall be condemned'; most merciful and also most just of texts; since we have only words whereby we can be judged, whether for acquittal or condemnation. . . . He has very imperfect sympathy with the clever fellows and the Professors of Greek—they are unintelligent intellectual neutrals; understand everything except human nature.

There is a curious echo here of a note very often heard in Raleigh's letters, that note of sharp impatience of the verbal cob-webs of the class-room, that longing for action that at last found expression in the air adventure that killed him. Where Raleigh gave us the fruits of his best work in *Some Authors*, Principal Hutton has gathered the ripe harvest of his reflections in *literae humaniores*, a fast-vanishing field of study, in this book *Many Minds*. He discusses the mind of Herodotus, and finds in 'The Father of History' 'the most amiable, most witty, most wise, most pitiful, most entertaining' of historians. He draws an interesting comparison with Thucydides in the next essay and finds in him the precursor of the modern scientific historian, and the archetype of the scientific officer who lost a campaign because he had more science than energy. It would be unfair to call the learned Principal a 'laudator temporis acti', but he finds it very hard to like anything that savours of our irritating, perplexing, and utterly unsatisfactory modern age. Nevertheless his book, like himself, serves to remind us, who in spite of ourselves are

wholly of this age, that there are certain 'unfathomable and invisible beings and things' which remain firm in the flux of modern change.

Of the Many Minds with which his book is concerned, the mind that attracts and charms us most, even where we differ most, is his own. S. H. H.

THE CHINESE PUZZLE, by Arthur Ransome: With a Preface by The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George (Allen & Unwin; pp. 189; 5/-).

Any reader who is interested in Chinese affairs but puzzled by their intricacies will do well to get a copy of Mr. Ransome's book. It is packed with the fruits of several months' close observation by an able and fair-minded English writer who approached the Chinese question without bias and lent a ready ear to the pleas and arguments of all parties. The case for the 'Shanghailanders' is understandingly treated; the origin and aims of the Kuomintang, the history of its alliance with the Communist party, the part played by the Russian agitators, and the causes of the split between the Nationalists and their Communist allies are all clearly and succinctly set forth and their interrelation traced. Mr. Ransome's conclusions are eminently sound: to him the Nationalist movement 'represents an unprecedented real advance for China, in that it substitutes the will of a party with a political programme for the caprice of individual leaders without programme of any kind'. And he perceives that: 'every blow struck by foreigners is a blow in the welding of the nation.' Vivid descriptions of the Yangtze valley and boldly sketched pen portraits of the warring leaders add colour to an illuminating book.

Thirty Years of British Imperial History

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An incisive and comprehensive analysis of the several parts of the Empire, discussing racial prejudices, economic interests, and social dynamics which in recent times have changed the British Empire into a Commonwealth of Nations.

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A clear, informative, attractively presented survey which every Canadian should read. \$5.00.

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ARABELLA'S LETTERS, by Arabella M. Stuart (Musson; pp. 300; \$2.00).

If Margaret Stuart had not sprained her ankle in the month of May, 1823, her sister Arabella would never have written these letters. For because of this accident Arabella, instead of Margaret, went to England, and that was the beginning of a five year adventure.

The sailing ship on which she embarked took more than four weeks to cross the ocean; and a terrific storm was encountered, during which the ladies were very seasick and got soaked to the skin. But a kind captain lighted a fire in their room when the worst of the storm was over, and the rest of the voyage was pleasant enough. Then came the ride by coach from Scotland to London and later to Bath, where her romance began. When Arabella's brother was offered a situation in Malta, 'high under Government, with a thousand a year', she accompanied his family. Because of the little children they did not make the journey by water but crossed the channel and drove through France to Marseilles.

Arabella's letters together with the contents of her small diary make a complete story with a satisfactory conclusion. The young lady, though not well off, was of good family, and she moved among the 'best people' in England and in Malta. One feels that if she had not been quite so coventionally well bred, she might have found more in her travels to comment upon. The letters are bright and interesting and full of descriptions of clothes and social life, but Arabella did not meet with real adventures because she never did anything that was not 'correct'. She writes from Paris, 'I spent Tuesday morning at the Museum and was very much interested. Nothing but the approaching dinner hour could have induced me to leave when I did.' And after three months in Malta she knows little about the island but says of the Maltese that 'they are an industrious and hardworking people and extremely respectful', who make excellent servants and do the laundry for one penny a frock! What surprises one the more is that letters from gentlemen are so like those of the ladies, being mainly about social events and not above gossip.

Nevertheless Arabella is admirable in her single and steadfast love during the years she is absent from Henry (poor Henry who was allowed to write but one letter a year!). She adored her little nephew, too, and wrote to her sister, 'He often puts his arms round my neck, kisses me and says, "Dear Na Na!" This makes me feel happier than if I were dancing at the gayest Ball with the smartest partner.'

JEANNE ADENEY.

YOUTH IN THE SADDLE, by Kathleen Coyle (Jonathan Cape; pp. 286; \$2.00).

A novel of Ireland, with a total absence of brogue. Not the Ireland we thought we knew through the medium of newspapers, books of travel, old songs and the comic stage, but Ireland in its present state of upheaval. The story presents youth under these conditions. We read the first hundred pages with interest, but after that we begin to get uneasy. Nothing was being developed, that we could see.

The author herself must have felt that she had failed to enlist our sympathy with the Irish Cause, for she set about making it a sex story. But even the most open and flagrant misbehaviour on the part of a girl and a man didn't make up for all the wasted pages ahead.

Shule is a girl of twenty (beautiful, of course), who

experiences an unaccountable dissatisfaction with her life. Her father, for nine years an inmate of an asylum, dies at the beginning of the story. We are given to understand that his life was by no means what it should have been, and that for some reason he had earned the undying hatred of his daughter and his hired man. Then Shule sees him on a marble slab and there is a very touching scene in the mortuary. A couple of pages drip remorse.

Shule decides to leave her home at Kish and stay with her brother Roddy in Dublin for a few months. Roddy is a musician, and a thoroughly likeable young man. He is a republican, it seems, but we are not let into his secrets. Shortly after her arrival in Dublin, Shule is followed by the hired man from Kish. We were a little in the dark concerning Shanad. He is a huge, rough, passionate creature—a veritable cave-man. When it is learned that he is in love with Shule—and she with him—he is looked upon with disfavour by Shule's brother Roddy, and Gerald, her cousin. They are shocked and alarmed by the cool announcement of her intention to marry Shanad. Cousin and brother do their utmost to prevent it, but fate lends a hand in the shape of a cottage in the mountains. Shule goes up one afternoon to make the place ship-shape for herself and her brother, when who should come along but Shanad, and—well, they don't go back to town that night. As a matter of fact they spent a blissful summer there together, despite the presence of Roddy who finally comes to accept the situation. Shanad lives up to his cave-man reputation and showers his woman with abuse, but they are desperately in love. They are going to be married when Shule is twenty-one. The inevitable discovery is made after a month or two, but even the advent of illegitimate motherhood does not disturb Shule, for she decides that she doesn't want Shanad for a husband after all. Then one dark night Roddy is ambushed almost at the door of the cottage. His body is carried in and left with the distraught Shule. With her cousin Gerald she drives home to Kish to break the news to her invalid mother.

There Mrs. Coyle writes 'finis' and left me wondering what on earth it's all about. A most unsatisfactory story, or else there was a subtle side to it that I couldn't fathom.

CHRISTINE L. MONK.

THE MAD CAREWS, by Martha Ostenso (Dodd, Mead and Company; pp. 346; \$2.00).

Like a strong wind, blowing across the prairie she knows so well, Miss Ostenso's story moves steadily forward, never for a moment losing touch with the tide of the seasons, or the soil that both nourishes and imprisons the people who look to it for their livelihood; only the Carews, insatiably greedy (taking what they can and paying only what they must) are free to come and go as they please.

Many passages in the book might have strayed from poetry into prose: Take for instance the following:—

'Crows were flocking in black, sorrowful companies over the stripped fields, and dead leaves were lying flat and still and clear under the glass of rain pools . . .'

And again, in the last chapter:—

'The sky was pellucid and green, naked save for the slender silver bauble of the new moon.'

A little later:—

'The sky doming above in dusky sapphire was spurred with the white of may stars.'

And finally:—

'The little frail moon had vanished now and there was no wind in all the darkness on the mountain.'

Even without the people concerned, such an ending does not lack drama.

Fortunately the people are in harmony with their setting, and, also fortunately, they are neither improbably bad, nor impossibly good. If an occasional character is somewhat heavily veiled with romance; it only shows that their creator has not yet laid aside her rose-coloured spectacles.

Miss Ostenso apparently does not consider a fat bank account the sum total of earthly bliss. Instead of buying her main characters a comfortable seat amongst the millionaires, she leaves them to work out their own salvation. She believes in the profit of work, over and above pecuniary gain. Perhaps some day she may be tempted to do for the Canadian prairies, what she has already done for those of Minnesota, and Canadians might well be proud of such a book.

A PEOPLE'S BEST, by O. J. Stevenson (Mussion Book; pp. 263; \$2.00).

This volume consists of a series of sketches, partly biographical, partly appreciative, of thirty-one men and women who have made notable contributions to artistic expression in Canada. Dr. Stevenson has in his introduction admitted a somewhat arbitrary mode of selection of subjects for his sketches, and since the right of any man to select his own material cannot be questioned, we may not voice any protest at some glaring omissions and one or two peculiar inclusions. The title itself is misleading, unless one has read the explanation that it 'is intended to show that the artistic achievement of a people is its best possession.'

The appreciative part of the book has no very striking claims to originality or profundity; neither of which was probably in the author's intention, for it has the notable merit of being unassuming. The biographical parts of the sketches are much better. They are interesting in their selection and in their manner of telling, short and direct. The book should serve to stimulate interest in Canadian achievement and possibilities in the arts. The portraits which serve as illustrations for Dr. Stevenson's book do not enhance its value.

IN THE GRIP OF THE BARREN LANDS, by Norman Blake (Blackie and Son, Ltd.; pp. 208; \$1.00).

Champlain's French River route, the crossing of Ungava, these have been dream journeys for generations of Canadian boys. For me there was also a little special route, an old traditional fur trail from the North Shore of Lake Superior to James Bay. But more glorious, more appalling and more alluring than any of these, has always been the desire some day to plunge into the gigantic desolations of the mighty Far North. The Mackenzie, the Athabasca, mysterious names like the Great Slave and Great Bear Lakes, what words to set the nerve tingling and the heart longing. The boy who has never known the thrill of a grand resolve some day to go through the *Land of Little Sticks* and the *Barrens* has been grievously wronged by someone.

Here is the story of three boys who do it perforce. The method is not one that was included in my list of possibilities, and there are various unexpected features, unexpected from the standpoint of my dream, but the thing is authentic. This man Blake must have had the call, and apparently has been at some time able to follow it. I have

not been up in the Barrens—yet; but the account jibes with my own poor second-hand information.

It is a splendid boy's book. I tried it on one other beside myself, with gratifying results. There are all the ingredients dear to a boy's heart, plausibility, danger from man and nature, mechanical ingenuities, privations, Eskimos and Crees, Scout loyalty, a real but very unobtrusive inclusion of the reader in the whole series of adventures, an utter absence of any sickly gush. I'll wager that the author's wife, if he has one, has to keep a weather eye open to see that he does not go gallivanting off with the other fourteen-year-olds.

THE QUILL AND THE CANDLE, By Wallace Havelock Robb. (Ryerson Press; pp. 54).

Of the poetical value of this book the present reviewer cannot judge, but it seems to him that Mr. Robb is a better naturalist than a poet.

For Mr. Robb's work in bird protection and conservation we should be grateful. Anyone engaged in that unselfish, difficult, and important work is a public benefactor and should so be recognized. The birds are one of our most beautiful and valuable national gifts, worth many mines and churches, and all that increases appreciation of them is good and notable.

Many of the illustrations to the poems are by Major Allan Brooks, a Canadian artist whose paintings of bird and animal life cannot be too highly praised. They are a fine record of our country's wild things which are surely the most interesting and beautiful in the world.

T. M.

CANADIAN PLAYS FROM HART HOUSE THEATRE, edited by Vincent Massey, Volume 11 (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 193; \$2.50).

This volume contains three plays: 'The God of Gods', by Carroll Aikins, 'The Freedom of Jean Guichet' by L. A. MacKay, and 'Trespassers' by Leslie Reid. The last two hardly merit publication, though they are not without promise, and both might be condensed into effective curtain-raisers. 'The God of Gods' is a long way ahead of the other two plays. It has a lyrical quality which, combined with a picturesque setting of stage and costume, should make it a successful stage romance.

THE BLACK CANYON, by B. A. McKelvie (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.; pp. viii, 173; \$1.75).

A historical romance of the early days in British Columbia, dealing with Hudson Bay Company posts, gold discoveries and battles with Indians. Essentially a yarn for boys.

THE SILENT QUEEN, by W. Seymour Leslie (Cape-Nelson; pp. 288; \$2.00).

An interesting *mélange* of the nineties in rural Ireland and London; pre-war America, intrigue, love, industry, and society, written in a fair style, but without any apparent plan or purpose; a restful book with which to while away an idle hour.

If subscribers to THE CANADIAN FORUM will notify the Business Manager promptly of any change in their addresses, arrangements will be made for the copies to be forwarded direct, and delay will be avoided.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice or review in this or subsequent issues.

- SHAKEN BY THE WIND, by Ray Strachey (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 317; \$2.50).
- THE PROSPERITY OF AUSTRALIA, by Frederick C. Benham (P. S. King—Irwin & Gordon; pp. x, 276; 12/6).
- WORLD STUDENT STATISTICS, by Eleanor M. Latham (International Student Service; pp. 56).
- THE BRIDGE OF SAN LOUIS REY, by Thornton Wilder (A. & C. Boni; pp. 235; \$2.50).
- DOSTOEVSKY, by Julius Meier-Graefe (Routledge; pp. vii, 406; 25/-).
- THE ENGLISH ROGUE, by Richard Head & Francis Kirkman (Routledge; pp. viii, 660; 25/-).
- INSTINCT AND PERSONALITY, by A. C. Garnett (Allen & Unwin; pp. 218; 8/6).
- THE HAND AND THE MIND, by M. N. Laffan (Kegan Paul—Mussion; pp. vii, 96; 4/6).
- MY GENERATION OF POLITICS AND POLITICIANS, by W. T. R. Preston (D. A. Rose; pp. 462; \$5.00).
- INDUSTRY'S COMING OF AGE, by Rexford Guy Tugwell (Harcourt Brace—McLeod; pp. 274; \$2.00).
- MANY CITIES, by Hilaire Belloc (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xi, 237; \$6.25).
- AMERICAN PROSPERITY, ITS CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES, by Paul M. Mazur (Viking Press—Irwin & Gordon; pp. xv, 268; \$2.50).
- CEZANNE, a study of his development, by Roger Fry (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 88 & 40 plates; \$4.00).
- ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT, by James Stephens (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 199; \$2.25).
- ASHENDEN, by Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 302; \$2.00).
- ANNIE BESANT, by Geoffrey West (Viking Press—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 174; \$2.00).
- THE SOMME, by A. D. Gristwood. With an introduction by H. G. Wells (Cape—Nelson; pp. 189; \$1.50).
- CAIN, OR THE FUTURE OF CRIME, by George Godwin (Kegan Paul—Mussion; pp. 108; 85 cents).
- THE STORY OF GREECE AND ROME, by J. C. & H. G. Robertson (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 352; \$1.00).
- 5,000 FACTS ABOUT CANADA, by Frank Yeigh (Can. Facts Pub. Co.; pp. 80; 35 cents).
- LETTERS FROM A FLYING OFFICER, by Rothesay Stuart Wortley (Oxford University Press; pp. 206; \$2.50).
- PEACE OR WAR, by J. M. Kenworthy. With an introduction by H. G. Wells (Boni & Liveright—McLean & Smithers; pp. xvii, 338; \$3.00).
- TRISTAN AND ISOLT, by John Masefield (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 144; \$2.25).
- GLADSTONE AND BRITAIN'S IMPERIAL POLICY, by Paul Knaplund (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 256; \$4.50).
- THE CLEGHORN PAPERS, Edited by The Rev. William Neil (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xix, 295; \$5.50).
- WALMER CASTLE AND ITS LORDS WARDEN, by Marquess Curzon of Kedleston (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xii, 330; \$8.50).
- THE ABSOLUTE AT LARGE, by Karel Capek (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 242; \$2.50).
- SCIENCE FOR YOU, by J. G. Crowther (Routledge; pp. x, 241; 5/-).
- COLOURED THINKING, by D. F. Fraser-Harris (Routledge; pp. vi, 269; 5/-).
- ART AND THE REFORMATION, by G. G. Coulton (Blackwell—Irwin and Gordon; pp. xxii, 622; 25/-).
- EMPIRE TO COMMONWEALTH, by Walter Phelps Hall (Holt—McClelland & Stewart; pp. x, 526; \$5.00).
- WHITE FIRE, by John Ravenor Bullen (Irwin & Gordon; pp. 86; \$2.00).
- HISTORY OF TRADE AND COMMERCE, by H. Heaton (Nelson; pp. xli, 334; \$1.50).
- RACE AND CIVILIZATION, by Freidrich Hertz (Kegan, Paul—Mussion; pp. xii, 328; 18/-).
- DEBONAIR, by G. B. Stern (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 311; \$2.50).
- AN ARTIST IN THE FAMILY, by Sarah Gertrude Millin (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 208; \$2.00).
- THE CHARWOMAN'S DAUGHTER, by James Stephens (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 228; \$1.10).
- INDUSTRY AND POLITICS, by The Rt. Hon. Sir Alfred Mond (Macmillans in Canada; pp. ix, 337; \$3.75).
- SANTANDER, by E. Allison Peers (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 159; \$2.75).

THE MIND OF LEONARDO DA VINCI, by Edward McCurdy (Cape—Nelson; pp. 360; \$3.75).

CONTEMPORARIES AND SNOBS, by Laura Riding (Cape—Nelson; pp. 255; \$2.50).

THE QUARRY WOOD, by Nan Shepherd (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 304; \$2.50).

FIREFLIES, by Rabindranath Tagore (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 274; \$2.50).

MR. HODGE AND MR. HAZARD, by Elinor Wylie (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 256; \$2.50).

THE EARTHEN LOT, by Bradda Field (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 312; \$2.50).

EURIPIDES THE IDEALIST, by R. B. Appleton (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. xx, 206; \$2.00).



IBSEN IN LONDON.

The P.E.N. Club's festival dinner in honour of Henrik Ibsen, which took place last Tuesday, was in effect an international affair. Indeed, the ordinary P.E.N. crowd, consisting of its own members with a rally of literary guests, was almost swamped by the foreign diplomatic multitude. This helped to give a curious part-theatrical, part-Ibsenish, flavour to the feast. Mr. John Galsworthy, who makes a model chairman, so brief and terse are his remarks from the chair, was in particularly good form, and made a point of showing us paradoxically how it was that Ibsen being so national in spirit, had because of that become a great international force and captured the world audience. In his reply the Norwegian Minister, iterating 'A Norwegian?—Yes, a Norwegian', went on to explain how homebred was Ibsen's mode and gesture, in pointing out his native characters, in all their dramatic significance, to the world at large. Miss Horniman, who ran the first Manchester Repertory Theatre, and started the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, one of the first Ibsen champions in England, followed. She reappeared before our eyes in the long brocade dress decked with a jewelled dragon in which she used to appear in her repertory days and she told of her first daring visit to an Ibsen play as a girl and of the thrill of hearing people on the stage talk as though they were real. This thrill of suddenly seeming to be an eavesdropper in a theatre is one, she said, that young people today cannot feel, so widespread has been the naturalising influence of Ibsen on stage dialogue.

THE THEATRE TODAY AND YESTERDAY.

On the same occasion, at the New Prince's Restaurant, the Finnish Minister happened to be my *vis-à-vis*, and on the left sat one of the younger London playwrights and on the right a famous lady-novelist. This mixture of races—we were British, Norse, Finnish, Esthonian, and Jewish—will serve to

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The NORTHERN ELECTRIC COMPANY is gratified at the part it has been able to play in manufacturing so useful, so necessary and so civilizing a medium for the transmission of the human voice.

give an idea of how cosmopolitan a company we were. The stage naturally was the main topic. We recalled the old fight for Ibsen when his plays were being first produced in London and other foreign capitals, and the old guard who believed in the Victorian tradition fiercely resented what they called his revolutionary, immoral, and destructive work as a playwright. I, for one, could recall the very first performance of *Ghosts* and *A Doll's House*, when the lobbies of the theatre in the Strand were as full of the buzz and equivocal debate as on some red-hot occasion after a challenging division in the Lobby of the House of Commons. It was a bold adventure in which we were taking part, a beginning of new things on the stage, bound to shake the pillars of society and the pasteboard portico of the conventional Victorian theatre. Now the change has come with a vengeance. If anything, we are in danger of being committed by the Ibsenites to a new convention with which we break at our critical peril. As one of them said the other night, we are all consciously or unconsciously drawing upon 'the Ibsen currency!' We have learnt his wonderful stage technique, learnt the art of making the dialogue and the dramatic life seem natural.

THE IMPENITENT CRITIC.

One evening within the last month a lucky chance took me to Whitehall Court to look up an old companion-in-arms, who had joined in the early Ibsen campaign, and in the even more exciting London doings of the Fabian Society and the Socialist League in the days when William Morris was still a doughty leader,—Mr. Bernard Shaw to wit. He moved a few months ago from his old quarters in the Adelphi to this spacious Whitehall flat, still overlooking the river Thames. Sitting there by a fire, much too hot a fire for me, my host talked as was inevitable of Ibsen, and then by a natural revoke of Shakespeare, and of the attack delivered in the old *Saturday Review* on those romantic Elizabethans. No, he was not going to budge a bit from his original uncompromising attitude. Shakespeare had no vision of the future, no idea of man working through to Superman, and achieving in the end his human and superhuman destiny. But Ibsen? He showed the way through the human medley with a prophetic insight into the possibilities of a world set free. Did you ever see, asked Mr. Shaw, the portrait of Ibsen which shows without any disguise, without any mask, that terrible mouth of his? It makes you realize how Ibsen dug his teeth into things. As I walked off carrying under my arm an autograph copy of *Back to Methuselah*, I thought, joyously and furiously, of the difference between that man with the terrible mouth, Ibsen, and of the great suave natural force in the dramatic make-up of Shakespeare, the world's playwright who, like Ibsen, came out of the narrow orbit of a little country town.

A QUESTION OF TRANSLATION.

Apropos of the recent matinées of Ibsen's three most famous plays in London, some of the critics raised again the question of the acting value of the English versions of those plays. To me it always seems that the late William Archer's versions were a little stiff and rigid in their effect, and did not reproduce fully the colloquial colour of Ibsen's stage dialogue. But Bernard Shaw would not allow for a moment that there was anything in that objection. He thought, or so I seemed to gather, that there was even a temperamental affinity between the two men, due to the lurking Scottish strain in both of them. However, my neighbour at the Ibsen dinner, who was, as I said, one of our younger playwrights, declared emphatically that at the matinée performances, in spite of the admirable delivery of the lines by the players, the phrasing, the actual idiom, did not sound natural or do justice to 'the Ibsen dialect!' But Ibsen's compatriots sitting at the same table seemed to be quite satisfied with the Archer versions, whether that was due at all to the cordial atmosphere of a tributary banquet, or to the fact that their standard was not too exacting, you must decide!

THE 'OMNIBUS BOOK' AND OTHER VARIETIES.

A word was said a couple of months ago in this column about the vogue of the short story and the anthology in bulk known as the 'Omnibus Book.' One of the latest of this kind contains all the short stories of Thomas Hardy, well over a thousand pages for seven shillings and sixpence. That comes, of course, from the house of Macmillan, who by the way have lately started a 'Caravan Library' which sounds as if it too might have something to do with the Omnibus Book, but which instead offers a more pocketable size of volume. The short stories of H. G. Wells; an anthology of English plays (ranging from *Everyman* on through the Elizabethans and down to our own time); and again one of English Poems and Lyrics, long poems and short poems, ballads and lays, sonnets and epigrams, all lumped together in one grand agglomeration,—are among these formidable bulkers.

The mention of Mr. H. G. Wells above recalls by the way that he has begun to publish in a London paper (our old friend *T. P.'s Weekly*), a work which seems intended to be his lesser testament. *The Open Conspiracy*, he calls it, or *Blue Prints for a World Revolution*. All his previous writings have been, he says, 'but contributory or preparatory to this work in which a constructive scheme for all human conduct is presented. It attempts—and it is an immensely significant and important attempt—to show how the creative forces in our species can be organized in a comprehensive fight against frustration and death'. Probably the work is appearing piecemeal on your side of the Atlantic, too.

ERNEST RHYS.



ALTHOUGH a great many Canadians rail impotently against the situation, the commercial theatre in the Dominion can never become entirely independent of Broadway; even when we grow into a nation of fifty million people, we shall still receive a certain proportion of our dramatic entertainment from across the line. However, in recent years, thanks to the trans-Canadian tours of English companies and the activities of the non-professionals, we have been less completely at the mercy of New York producers. The regular visits of the London players with their own productions have been one of the happiest developments of the post-war period; they have made a gratifying diversity in our theatrical fare. Still, a great many of us find ourselves wishing from time to time that the English managers would learn that we are not entirely provincial; at least, that while we may be provincial, we are not as provincial as some of them think us. We have enough sophistication to know when we are being treated like remote communities, that are sure to be pleased with any old thing.

There is the case of Sir John Martin Harvey and his wife. I do not suppose there is a town in Canada where it remains a secret that Lady Martin Harvey cannot act, and yet her husband permits her to play all sorts of rôles, while touring this country, in which even a child would see that she is miscast, from the boy in *The Breed of the Treshams* to Ophelia in *Hamlet*. In *The Burgomaster of Stillemonde*, Lady Martin Harvey ruins the final scene, because of her complete incompetence, vocally and otherwise, to handle an intense emotional outburst, and she helps to spoil the memory of Sir John's superb performance in the finest modern play in his repertoire. This season, Sir John brought to Canada a dramatization of Sabatini's *Scaramouche*, and at the *première*, I thought for a while that the author had changed the ravishingly beautiful Climene into an elderly virago who bullied the troop of players, but later I discovered that such was not the intention. I know of a number of theatre-goers who deny themselves the pleasure of seeing Martin Harvey because they cannot endure his leading lady, and yet he continues to give her almost as much prominence as himself when touring Canada.

There are admirers of the English romantic actor who urge upon the critics that they should not discourage such marital devotion. Indeed, Lady Martin Harvey is not averse to entering the lists, and more than once she has written letters to reviewers instructing them not to mention her name. But while much may be said in praise of Sir John for his willingness to

spoil the artistic finish of his productions and to sacrifice a portion of his box office receipts, still there remains the side of the public to be considered. Is it fair to his Canadian public to ask us to be so loyal to him that we will be blind to the flagrant shortcomings in his cast? Or is it complimentary to assume that we are so provincial in our standards that anything is good enough for us?

Since the first of January, Seymour Hicks has travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again. Mr. Hicks is a skilful light comedian, who does French farces with a delicacy that seems almost unbelievable to those of us who are accustomed to the crude Broadway method of handling the same material. I attended his Toronto opening in *Mr. What's-His-Name*, and in one scene the lady playing opposite him made an obvious mistake in her lines. He covered it up with an apparent impromptu that caused the audience, and even the actress to laugh. After the Wednesday matinee, a friend told me, as a sample of the wit of Mr. Hicks, that the same thing had occurred. There was a similar occurrence in the performance of *Sleeping Partners*, a frothy but clever little comedy.

Years ago, two tawdry American comedians, Frank Daniels and Francis Wilson, had a trick of a similar type with which to tickle innocent audiences. They would get so funny that even the seasoned players on the stage with them grew inarticulate with laughter, and I have seen their leading ladies retire to the wings to regain their composure; frequently, they laughed more heartily than the audiences. The trick might pass undetected in a one-night stand, but the comedians did not realize that the members of different audiences frequently compare notes. Rehearsed impromptus have to be handed out with care and discretion. Once they are suspected, they discount an entire performance. I cannot understand why a man with the ability of Mr. Hicks should stoop to anything so inartistic and unnecessary. He would not do it in London, I feel certain. Does it mean that he feels he can take any liberty he pleases with the provincial Canadians?

On the other side of the scale, we remember with gratitude the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. Their presentations of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were the most perfect ever seen in this country. They showed a respect for Canadian standards of judgment that won the appreciation of everybody who heard them sing the classic operettas. We remember them with delight as a flawless organization, that did not try either to make us accept inferior performers, or to fool us into laughter. If all the managers who come to us from London would take the same attitude, it would greatly strengthen the very desirable trans-Canada movement.

FRED JACOB.

TRADE AND INDUSTRY

THE CONTROL OF RUBBER

By W. K. GIBB

THE announcement of Mr. Baldwin in the British House of Commons on April 4th that the Stevenson plan controlling the export of rubber from British Malaya and Ceylon will be abandoned on November 1st calls our attention to the important place that rubber has reached, not only in the economic world, but in the political world. Like some other raw materials—nitrates, sisal, coffee—it has been a partial monopoly for the last six years, but unlike them it has had strong diplomatic repercussions. With the British Colonies in the Far East as the chief producers of plantation rubber, and the United States as the chief consumer, we have the stage set for a play of economic and political forces without parallel in recent times.

The growth of plantation rubber has been phenomenal in the last twenty-five years. In 1900 the output of the plantations was only 4 tons of crude rubber; in 1925 it had become over 500,000 tons. Plantation rubber has almost entirely replaced the wild product, which until 1910 supplied the world's needs. The wild rubber comes chiefly from the valley of the Amazon and a few other scattered tropical countries, which have never produced much over 50,000 tons annually; but this relatively small amount was quite sufficient for the needs of the world before the arrival of the automobile. The beginning of rubber culture about fifteen years before the mass production of automobiles seems almost providential, if one may assume Providence to have an interest in automobiles. For this enterprise we must thank the efforts and far-sightedness of an English scientist, Henry Wickham, who smuggled seeds of the rubber tree (*Hevea Brasiliensis*) from Brazil in 1878. These were germinated successfully in the Botanical Gardens at Kew and distributed thence to India, Ceylon, the Malay States and the Dutch East Indies. The rubber trees so cultivated were the basis of the plantations. These were financed by British capital and worked by coolie labour imported from China.

Down until 1910, the production of rubber scarcely met the demand, owing to the development of the automobile industry, with the result that in that year the price of rubber reached \$3.06 a lb. The prices obtainable for the next few years were very remunerative and capital flowed in large quantities into the industry. There was an increase of 34% in the acreage under cultivation from 1910 to 1911 and an increase of 20% from 1911 to 1912. Until 1920 the annual increase in acreage was never less than 5%. The effect was of course to lower prices, and it is interesting to note that rubber was perhaps the only international commodity that did not share in the general rise in prices of the war period. Excessive planting in the boom, seven years earlier—a period generally required for new trees to attain maturity—had resulted in over-production. In Malay it was necessary to import food,

so much land having been turned to rubber cultivation. When world-wide depression came in 1920, the over-expanded rubber industry fell upon difficult times.

It was these circumstances that brought about a demand for regulation and control on the part of rubber growers and shareholders. Owing to the fact that Malaya and Ceylon grew 70% of the world production, there seemed some prospect of accomplishing this control. A committee headed by Sir James Stevenson was appointed by the British Government. It investigated the situation and made certain recommendations which were put into effect by legislation in British Malaya and Ceylon on November 1st, 1922.

Briefly, the legislation regulated exports according to the price of rubber. The actual output of the year November 1, 1919, to October 31, 1920, was taken as 'standard production'. Each producer was assigned for the first quarter of the plan an export quota of 60% of his 'standard production'. Thereafter the percentage of 'standard' that could be exported was fixed quarterly in accordance with the average price of the preceding quarter. Originally the aim was to stabilize prices around 30c a lb., but the present operation of the scheme aims at a price around 45c a lb.; and departures from this level are followed by corrective alterations of the export quota, with the proviso that in no case will the percentage be increased above 100 or decreased below 60.

How successful has the scheme been in achieving its object? So far as prices are concerned, it seems to have succeeded very well, and for this reason. The scheme appears to have come into force when the large excess of production over consumption (due partly to trade depression the world over, and partly to the economy in rubber consumption effected by the introduction of the cord tire) was passing away. Actually, in 1922 production and consumption approximately balanced (see Table). When restriction intervened at this stage British production was reduced from over 270,000 tons to under 220,000 tons, in the face of a growing world demand. From 1923 to 1925 rubber production fell markedly below world consumption, and available stocks were depleted to an extent which paved the way for the ephemeral boom of 1925 when rubber went to \$1.19 a lb.

In 1926 and 1927, on the other hand, rubber was in over-supply. Indeed, a comparison of the statistics showing the variations in the permissible export percentage under the Restriction regulations, with the consumption figures (see Table), reveals that changes in the relative severity of restriction have failed to synchronize with variations in the market position. It would seem that the plan was not flexible enough; the export quotas were changed too long after the market revealed the necessity for their revision.

The high prices attendant upon the restrictions bore heavily upon the United States as the chief consumer. (See Table). An 'economy' campaign was instituted in that country with the result that the production of reclaimed rubber rose from 54,000 tons in 1922 to 174,000 tons in 1927. Efforts were also stimulated to find new sources of supply—e.g., Firestone in Liberia, and Ford in the Amazon Valley. Naturally, the latter move could have no immediate effect on the supply.

More threatening, however, has been the increasing supply forthcoming from non-British sources. (See Table). The growing world consumption has been

met largely from the increased output of the Dutch East Indies. The British proportion of current output has fallen from 67% in 1922 to about 50% in 1926. In so far as the change is merely in current output, it is what one would expect, and does not necessarily alter the permanent balance of the industry. But non-British (especially Dutch) planting has also increased rapidly, largely with the aid of American capital, and though this implies no loss to the British, it goes far to mitigate the possibility of monopolistic control in the future. For it is obvious that the effect on the price level of a given percentage of output restriction becomes weaker and weaker as the proportion of output under control diminishes. A 10% cut enforced upon 50% of world production will not have the same efficacy in raising the price level as the same cut in a quota of nearly 70%. In other words, the restriction scheme contains the seeds of its own decay. It was no doubt a realization of this that prompted the British Government to abandon the Plan.

That some other measures may be adopted to regulate selling policies would seem quite probable. The Dutch, chastened by recent low rubber prices, are now in the mood to co-operate with British interests in formulating a sales plan for the producers of the Far East. A pooling of output with a central selling agency has been suggested.

In the meantime, the development of new areas and better processes, the experiments with other rubber-producing plants, and the economies in use represented by reclaimed rubber, are net social advantages for all of which, in the next decade, we shall certainly be thankful.

RUBBER PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION, 1920-27.
(Thousand Tons)

	PRODUCTION			CONSUMPTION	
	British Areas	Other Plantations	Total (including Brazil and wild)	U.S.A.	Total
Non-restriction Years.					
1920.....	275	93	368	200	295
1921.....	220	73	293	190	290
1922.....	271	134	405	290	410
Average 3 non-restriction years..	255	100	355	227	332
Restriction years.					
1923.....	214	168	382	310	425
1924.....	218	202	420	335	475
1925.....	240	276	516	385	551
1926.....	345	273	618	366	541
1927.....	297	307	604	370	580
Average 5 restriction years....	263	245	508	353	514

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